HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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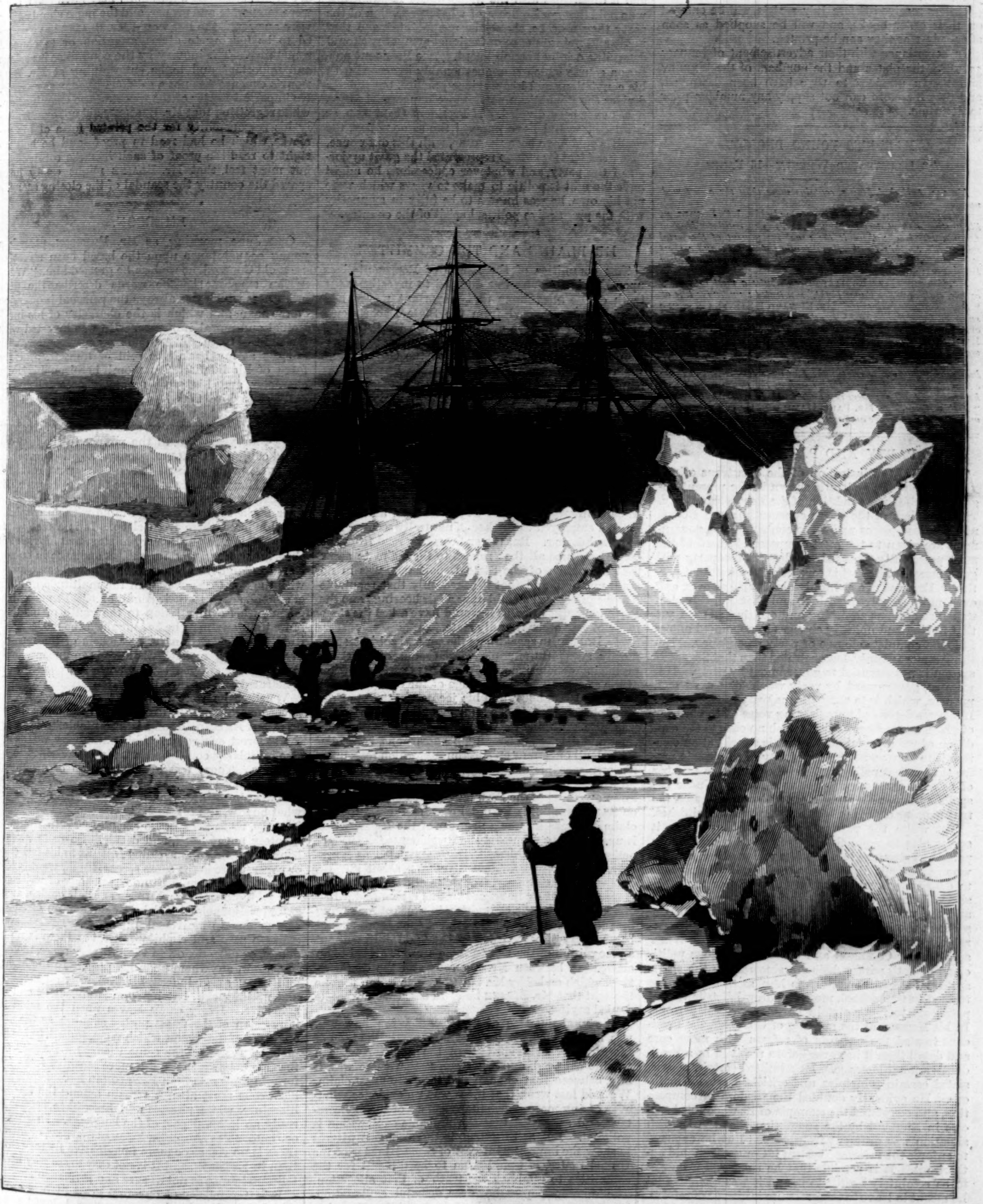


THE "JEANNETTE" IN AN ICE-JAM HUMMOCK, JANUARY 29, 1880.
DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM, FROM A SKETCH BY DR. R. L. NEWCOMB, NATURALIST OF THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 6, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 131, published May 2, contains more than the accustomed number of attractions.

On the first page is a striking engraving by Mr. J. O. Davidson, *illustrating a short story by* Mrs. M. S. Peters, *entitled "Huldah Deane's Heroism"; there is the usual installment of the serial story, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," brilliantly illustrated; and a short story, entitled "The Vain Sparrows," with a full-page illustration by* Giacomelli.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston *contributes a most interesting article, entitled "The Canoe Fight," illustrated; under the title of "Dogs of My Acquaintance,"* Mr. Edward I. Stevenson *gives a series of entertaining anecdotes relating to dogs; and there is an article on "Trout-Fishing" by an accomplished angler,* Mr. W. M. Laffan, *fully illustrated, and giving full directions as to the method and apparatus for catching trout.*

The popular hero Jimmy Brown has another of his irresistibly ludicrous adventures to relate; the Post-office Box is full of interesting letters and other good things such as the Postmistress knows how to bring together; there is an admirable juvenile poem, entitled "Artie's Amen," by Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne; *and other matters of an attractive and amusing character.*

PARTY AND PATRONAGE.

A STRIKING illustration of the disastrous effects of the spoils system is shown in the present angry and imbittered condition of the Republican party. The defenders of the abuse constantly assert that if non-political places under the control of the government are given to the most competent instead of the most powerfully "backed" applicants, the party will go to pieces. The fact is carefully forgotten that parties in England are as highly disciplined as ours, and even more strictly organized, and that English elections are quite as absorbing and exciting as ours, yet that in England not fifty changes in appointed offices follow a complete change of party ascendency. Nothing is more plainly demonstrated than that the spoils system is not essential to government by party. If it were so, government by party would defeat its own purpose, which is to show the majority of free voices. If success depended upon buying votes by the bribery of place, an election would furnish no clew to the condition of public opinion. What is sought at an election is to know whether a majority of the people prefer this or that policy, not whether a certain number of persons can be bought to vote for it. Under the spoils system, as the number of places increases, the true popular character of the government diminishes.

Yet while the patronage serves to buy votes, it serves also to repel them. To try to consolidate a party by patronage is a hopeless undertaking, because when a party is divided into sections, it is impossible to distribute favors so evenly that one or the other side will not complain. But when a party is divided, and the patronage is used to strengthen one of the sections, the breach is in danger of becoming irreparable. President Arthur, like Mr. Thurlow Weed and Senator Cameron and other conspicuous politicians of both parties, believes sincerely in the spoils system. Practical politics to him, as to all who are trained in that school, means a shrewd distribution of patronage to favor certain party views and persons. In his Message at the opening of Congress, the President treated the question of reform with more care and detail than it has ever before received in a President's annual Message. He admitted certain abuses, stated certain principles, and criticised certain methods. He evidently doubted the wisdom of competition, and countered the example of its undoubted success in England by the suggestion that the English situation was different from ours. But he engaged to enforce the reformed system if Congress should authorize it. It is possible that he suspected Congress to be resolutely hostile to it, and it was obvious that he meant to leave to Congress the initiative of reform.

In his exercise of the appointing power President Arthur has done what we said at the outset must be expected. He has favored his own side in the party. This he has done gradually and quietly, but surely, and it is the result of this course which shows how disastrous to party harmony the power of the spoils may be. The four years' law of 1820 vacates with few exceptions all important offices and all their dependent places during the term of an administration. The President has thus the opportunity of filling them all to his own satisfaction before the end of his term. President Arthur's method is simple. He has made few peremptory removals. But as commissions expire he appoints from his own side of the party, so that when the next election approaches, the civil service will be manned by that side. This policy inevitably dissatisfies two classes of persons, both of which are very numerous and powerful in the Republican party. It dissatisfies the "Half-Breeds," who, as the Convention of 1880 and the events of last year in New York showed, are the great majority of Republicans, and it dissatisfies also the independent Republicans, who hold that good officers, of whatever section of the party they may be, should be re-appointed, and that merit and not influence or factional sympathy should determine original appointment. The President pursues a course which is unquestionably in accord with his convictions and his previous practice, but it daily divides the Republican party more dangerously than it has ever been divided. If President Garfield, as is alleged, would have pursued the same policy, the result would have been the same, with this difference, that President Garfield represented the great majority of the party, and whatever concessions he might have thought it politic to make to views which were not his own, he was known to be fully in sympathy with the progressive political spirit of the country.

MR. BLAINE AND THE COMMITTEE.

The committee of the House of Representatives upon Foreign Affairs was directed to investigate the truth of the allegations that important papers had been lost or removed from the State Department, and that one or more ministers of the United States were improperly connected with a business transaction in which the intervention of the Government was expected. Upon the first point Mr. Blaine states emphatically that he knew nothing whatever of the missing Shipherd documents. They had never been brought to his attention, he said, and very properly, because from the testimony of Shipherd it was plain that the documents were worthless. Indeed, in his opinion, the chief clerk would have been blameworthy if he had permitted the time of the Secretary to be occupied with such papers. Mr. Blaine says further that Shipherd's representations to the State Department of the persons interested in the Cochet claim, and of the counsel employed to further it, naturally secured him a polite hearing. But the ex-Secretary read from the correspondence all that relates to the claim to show that the action of the State Department was in no sense unusual, and that it asked only that reputable American counsel should have a fair hearing from the Peruvian authorities, as it would have asked the same grace of any other friendly state.

Mr. Blaine, in speaking of the general subject, summarily swept Shipherd's veracity out of court by producing conclusive proof that Shipherd's assertion of the ex-Secretary's knowledge of the offer of a bribe to General Hurlbut, and his jocose treatment of the attempted corruption of a Minister of the United States, was false. This story, which was one of the most distinct and detailed of Shipherd's assertions, being disproved, all of Shipherd's testimony, which rests upon his own word, is discredited. Mr. Blaine earnestly professed his total disbelief that President Garfield knew anything of the Peruvian Company, or Cochet, or Shipherd. But he did know of the Landreau claim, because he was a member of the House when it unanimously requested the President to take proper action upon the subject. Mr. Blaine, also, as Secretary, talked with President Garfield about it. He quotes, in his testimony, from his correspondence with General Hurlbut in regard to this claim, and called Mr. Belmont, of the committee, to account for saying that the ex-Secretary had declared that there should be no treaty of peace between Peru and Chili without a recognition of the Landreau claim. This led to an altercation between Mr. Belmont and the ex-Secretary, which ended by Mr. Belmont's assertion that he thought that Mr. Blaine had "in effect" said what he denied saying.

The vital question of the investigation, however, was not touched. That question is, why the tone of the State Department toward the South American trouble changed, and what connection there was, if any, between that change and the Landreau claim. We said last week that there was no evidence whatever of any mercenary entanglement of the ex-Secretary, and suggested that the probable explanation is political. But as Shipherd is the strongest witness to show the improper interest of some Minister of the United States, it would seem to be difficult for the committee to establish the truth of that allegation. The missing papers, however, demand explanation. Papers are not lost or stolen from a public office without reason. Unimportant papers may be mislaid, but they would not be stolen. The committee can doubtless ascertain whether papers are often mislaid, and somebody must have official knowledge of these documents. They may have been worthless. But why should worthless papers disappear? Mr. Blaine says, emphatically, and that settles the matter so far as he is concerned, that he knows nothing about them. Who does know? The final altercation of the examination between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Belmont was in every way to be regretted. Mr. Belmont certainly should have apologized for the careless reading of proof by which he was made to charge Mr. Blaine with using words that he had not used, and he should not have been content to say that he was not responsible for the printer's blunders, and that his version of Mr. Blaine's remarks was substantially correct. But with equal certainty Mr. Blaine could have told his story without attempting to make Mr. Belmont appear to be ridiculous. However mistaken the theory of Mr. Belmont's questions may have been, they were temperate and proper, and the more simply they were answered, the less would Mr. Blaine have seemed to be fencing to divert attention or to conceal something. The inquiry by the committee is serious and important, and to be entertaining at Mr. Belmont's expense was not a satisfactory way to answer. No impartial reader of the report of the examination, while regretting that Mr. Belmont did not own frankly his responsibility for the printed form of his remarks, which he had read in proof—and he had no right to read the proof of such remarks carelessly—but must feel that Mr. Blaine might easily have spared the country the scandal of the closing scene.

EMERSON.

One June morning, as Mr. Emerson passed a young acquaintance upon the broad open street of quiet old Concord, he said, as he greeted him, "What Syrian sunshine!" The words describe the pure brightness which was always the personal impression of the man, and which is the character of his intellectual and moral influence. He was invested with the light of truth. "An endless experimenter, with no past at my back," he said of himself, and the force of his intellect, his moral heroism, his lofty character, and his great scholarly accomplishment early gave him that leadership of thought in this country which he never lost. His influence was that of a liberator of humanity, as Heine said of Goethe. Forty-four years ago, in the preface to the first collected edition of Carlyle's essays, a collection which Carlyle made at Mr. Emerson's request, Emerson said: "Many readers will here find pages which in the scattered anonymous sheets of the British magazines spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep. It is a fact worth remembering, in our literary history, that his rich and cheerful genius found its earliest audience in or near New England, from young men who had complained, with the first Quaker, that in the multitude of teachers 'none spake to their condition.'" Emerson here portrays his own relation to the youth of his time. More than any man he has moulded the modern spiritual life of his country. Teachers of the most diverse doctrines and schools have been unconsciously touched and swayed by his power—a power which penetrated and purified like Syrian sunshine.

Whether he were more poet or philosopher was never determined. "I see how all the other singers do it, but Emerson's song is inscrutable," said one of the severest critics. And his philosophy was as elusive. Nobody could find a body of doctrines in his writings. There was no explanation or argument. He could not be controverted or answered. What he said was simply announced. It was what he thought, what he saw, and if somebody else thought or saw differently, there need be no dispute. Truth would ultimately assert itself, and decide. So from his first book, the little volume called *Nature*, to his last essay or paper, there is the same serene, transparent tone of modest affirmation. In no equal body of writing is there a more uniform value. It is all golden, and it is unquestionably the richest contribution of American genius to universal literature. Emerson was called a sage and a philosopher, but there is no pedantic, or didactic, or, in the ordinary sense, moralizing, strain anywhere upon his page. In the highest and truest sense, indeed, his writing is all morality, and nothing else, but its form is melodious and imaginative. Every essay leaves upon the mind the impression of the finest poetry as much as the most exquisite of the poems, which seem, indeed, to be only metrical forms of the same thought. Phidias and the Greek artists had not a more sensitive feeling for form in their arts than Emerson in his. Passages in his works must always remain among the finest in literature, while phrases and lines have become already an integral part of the language. In Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Burke, there is no richer or more imaginative literary strain than in Emerson, and it is not easy to see why his intellectual grasp is not as sure and permanent.

It is the felicity of our first great literary epoch, which is ending, and among whose beloved names are Irving and Bryant and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Emerson, that the lives of its masters were irreproachable. The recent death of Longfellow drew from the English-speaking world an unparalleled tribute of affection and respect, which was paid almost as much to the man as to the poet. The simple dignity and purity of Emerson's life will command the same homage. Those who remember the young preacher fifty years ago recall a seraphic charm of manner, which was still as beautiful in the latest hour of his long and tranquil life. There was some failure of memory, but Time could not wither the immortal youth of the soul which was supreme to the end. To his own generation and in unfading tradition Emerson will stand as the scholar, in the loftiest interpretation of the word; the man of great gifts, nobly used for the greatest of purposes; the teacher of the teachers, gently but resistlessly, like the sunshine, asserting perfect moral independence; and in a country with a morbid fear of the majority by his life and by his word illustrating the beauty and the power of Roger Williams's "Soul-Liberty." Of no man could his own words be truer, as the life of no man was ever more unswervingly loyal to conscience and to the ideal of his youth:

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time;
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
> 'Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port well worth the cruise is near,
> And every wave is charmed.'"

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a gallery of various and most interesting archæological collections. The generosity of individuals and the liberality of the State have enabled it rapidly to accumulate treasures which have already made it a valuable addition to the means of education which the great city affords. Its service to the useful arts, to the arts of decoration, to the history of the progress and development of the fine arts, is immediate and undeniable. The value of this service has been universally recognized, and the throngs of visitors who come not only for entertainment but for instruction, and the use made of its industrial schools—the benefaction of munificent members—show how thoroughly it is appreciated. The Museum is of very recent origin, but it is already one of the notable institutions of the city both for residents and strangers. But the value of its collections depends wholly upon their authenticity. The instant that the honesty of the Museum is seriously suspected, its usefulness is gone. No individual benefactor, no liberal State, would or should be willing to give a penny to sustain an imposture of immense pretension, and no duty of the trustees is more important than that of completely disposing of every injurious accusation affecting the character and genuineness of the collections.

For two or three years there has been an incessant attack upon the Museum, charging fraudulent changes of some of the works of the greatest interest and importance in the Cypriote collection, which, if sustained, would inevitably envelop in suspicion the chief treasure of the Museum. The value of the Cypriote collection is its evidence of the character and progress of the art which it illustrates. If this value were destroyed in a few capital instances, the result would be ruinous. It is this consideration which has made the attack important, and it has been most desirable that the accusation should be specific, that it might be satisfactorily tested. Fortunately for the Museum, this has at last been done. Distinct charges of fraud were brought against two of the important statues, the charges in each case being substantially the same, that both were dishonest patchworks of unrelated parts. The Executive Committee of the Museum thereupon directed the two incriminated statues to be placed upon the floor of the chief hall of the Museum, in an ample light, and they invited experts, sculptors, masons, scholars, and every one who had knowledge or interest, to wash, chisel, and cut to satisfy themselves whether the statues were or were not monolithic and of homogeneous stone throughout. The committee of the Museum on objects of art gave special permission to several artists, Mr. Launt Thompson at the head, together with the publisher of the charges, to examine the alleged fraudulent statues as strictly as possible. The sculptors attended, and a thorough investigation took place.

The trustees of the Museum have asked no exculpatory letters, but they have received unsolicited testimony from workers in stone, including sculptors of the highest distinction, Mr. Thompson himself, Mr. French, Mr. Calverley, Mr. John Rogers, with Mr. Robert Ellin and his partners, architectural sculptors. These gentlemen—and more competent witnesses could not be found—declare that, after the most searching investigation by every method, they have no hesitation in affirming the genuineness of the statues and the baselessness of the accusations. And Mr. Savage, late Assistant Director of the Museum, who had seen reason to suppose that certain restorations which he formerly denied had been made, states unqualifiedly that he believes the two incriminated statues to be genuine, excepting the feet of one of them; and Mr. Thompson explains that the ankles being fractured and the heels destroyed, the fracture has been repaired by a piece of Cyprus stone, to which the remains of the feet have been justifiably adjusted with plaster of Paris, in order that the statue may stand—an arrangement which of course does not affect the authenticity of the work in the least degree. This verdict of skillful and impartial experts must be held to be a final settlement of these damaging charges, and an honorable exoneration of the Director, General Di Cesnola, because the accusations were aimed at him, and sought to destroy his reputation. The accusations, indeed, may be still reiterated. But the public will see that the only possible satisfactory disposition of them was precisely such an examination as has now taken place, and which must stand as conclusive until either the character or the ability of the experts is successfully impeached.

THE CASE OF LAMSON.

It is a cruel injustice to speak of Sir William Harcourt as negligent of his duty in the case of Dr. Lamson, and as permitting an irresponsible man to be hung for murder. Lamson was fairly tried, and the evidence was singularly strong against him. He was convicted and sentenced, and upon representation of the government of the United States that important testimony tending to show his insanity would be forwarded to England, the British government courteously granted a respite, which was subsequently extended. The testimony sent to England was carefully weighed by those who could have no conceivable reason for ill feeling toward the accused person, and it was the unhappy duty of Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary finally to decide after such counsel as he had received. He was not of opinion that the testimony was such as showed Lamson to be irresponsible, and he was obliged to decide accordingly.

Probably no event of his life has been more painful to him, and to accuse him of indifference, of laxity, or personal hostility, is supremely ridiculous. It was a serious step for the American government to ask a suspension of the course of law in England upon a local criminal case. It was unusual and surprising for the Attorney-General of the United States, being a member of the government, to say that had the testimony which was forwarded been presented upon the trial, the accused could not have been convicted. But the intervention, however humane and friendly, could not possibly be expected to procure more than was granted—an adequate respite to investigate the new evidence. The United States have been treated with perfect courtesy in the matter, unless it be held that as the government had asked a respite to hear testimony, the accused should have been pardoned, whatever the value of the testimony may have been.

It is plain that in England murder is considered to be a very serious crime, and only upon very positive evidence would Sir William Harcourt have been justified in recommending that the law should not take its course. The most cowardly jeer at him is that he was afraid not to allow the execution, lest it should be supposed that his American wife had influenced his decision. But if murderers are to be hung, no sentence of death could be more carefully considered than that of Lamson. Sympathy for his unhappy family is inevitable. But the crime itself, now that upon strict and competent inquiry he is decided to have been responsible, the cold-blooded taking off of an innocent and helpless child by poison, seems to have been as wanton a murder as that for which Eugene Aram suffered.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

Mr. Charles Reade's letter upon the case of Dr. Lamson, in London, showed that his incisive vigor is unabated, and this fact will be farther demonstrated by the series of stories which will soon begin in Harper's Weekly. The title he gives them is "Multum in Parvo; a Series of Stories with no Waste of Words."

This crisp and lively author does not usually waste words. The first story which introduced him to the great public, *Christie Johnstone*, was a compact and brilliant work, a story with no waste of words; and *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, is another of the sparkling tales which show the same quality.

Without other knowledge of him than his books reveal, Mr. Reade seems to us a humorist, in the old sense of a writer who indulges his own humor, however grotesque it may be. The humorists in this sense are a large class, including very different men, Swift, for instance, and Carlyle. But as authors they are exceedingly entertaining, and we can confidently promise our readers great pleasure in the forthcoming series of "Multum in Parvo."

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives have reported in favor of delivering into the charge of the Saratoga Monument Association the cannon captured from Burgoyne on the day of the great battle. Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, has interested himself warmly in a bill for this purpose, which has passed the House, and has gone to the Senate, where we trust there will be no hesitation in concurring with the House.

The Saratoga Monument Association is composed of conspicuous citizens of New York, among whom ex-Governor Horatio Seymour has been very active in promoting the patriotic object of the Association, and to no care could the historic relics be more fitly intrusted. The Association owns three acres around the site of the monument, which has already risen twenty-five feet from the ground, and it is hoped that the exterior will be finished during the next autumn. The design is a plain shaft rising from a somewhat ornamented base, and embraces three bronze statues of heroic size, of Schuyler, Morgan, and Gates. The interior will contain floors or stories, with sculptures in low relief upon the walls, illustrating the battle. The staircase and the doors will be of bronze. The statue of Schuyler will be the work of Launt Thompson, and that of Morgan of J. Q. A. Ward. The Gates is not yet allotted.

The monument was designed by Mr. Markham, and has been approved by excellent judges. It will contain a relic chamber, in which the cannon will be preserved, except four twelve-pounders, which will be mounted and stand one on each corner of the platform or plinth of the monument. The Legislature of New York will doubtless take care that there shall be no delay in the proper completion of the simple and appropriate memorial of the most important and decisive military event upon the soil of the State; and when the work is done it will be largely due to the faithful persistence of one man, Mr. William L. Stone.

PERSONAL.

The late John Bertram, of Salem, Massachusetts, is to be added to the rapidly increasing roll of good men whose names are perpetuated by their beneficence. By his will he bequeathed $108,000 to the Old Men's Home, of Salem; to the Seaman Orphan and Children's Friend Society, $41,000; to the Plumer Farm School for Boys, $36,000; and $5,000 each to six other charitable institutions—making a total of $215,000. On the death of his widow, $180,000 more will go to the Salem Old Ladies' Home and Salem Hospital.

—The professors are human, and must have their little joke. President Eliot, of Harvard, recently at a club meeting in Boston told this of Professors Day and Dwight, of Yale. The former, he said, is long of speech; the other is concise and pithy. The two were out for a walk, when they were met by a friend who greeted them with this paraphrase of a Bible text: "Day unto Dwight uttereth speech; Dwight unto Day showeth knowledge."

—The marriage on April 26 of our new Minister to China, the Hon. John Russell Young, to Miss Julia E. Coleman, granddaughter of Mrs. Pliny Jewell and niece of ex-Governor Jewell, brought together not only the *élite* of Hartford, but persons of distinction from other cities. Among the latter came the Minister's stanch friend ex-President Grant, Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant, General Roger A. Pryor and Miss Pryor, Hon. John B. Haskin, Judge Sheridan, Commodore Ferguson of Philadelphia, etc., etc. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mrs. Jewell. The rooms, filled with choicest flowers from the conservatories of ex-Governor Jewell and Mrs. Pliny Jewell, were noticeable for beauty and fragrance, and imparted peculiar brightness to the festival. Hartford has seldom if ever beheld a scene more beautiful. After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Young took a special car for New York, accompanied by a few old friends, and afterward left for San Francisco, whence they will sail for the field of Mr. Young's new and important duties.

—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, in his able speech recently delivered before the Assembly Committee on Railroads, in reference to a Railroad Commission, makes a statement that will be new to most readers, viz., that "of the one hundred and thirty-two railroad corporations in this State, only thirty-four are earning a penny for the men who have built them for the benefit of the State, and the rest are furnishing their property for the use of the people without any return whatever." In the railways of this State over six hundred millions of dollars have been invested, and sixty-five thousand voters are employed in their working.

—We are not without our old folks in this State. Mr. Caleb Ferris, of Galway, Saratoga County, celebrated his one-hundred-and-first year on the 10th inst., and entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion. On the 28th ult., Isaac Souls and wife and Ruloff Fuller and wife celebrated their golden wedding at the residence of the former in Jordan, Onondaga County. The brides are sisters, and they were married at the same time at the parental home in Jordan.

—Mr. Victor Drummond, British Secretary of Legation at Washington, who a few days since married Miss Lamson, of this city, comes of an opulent race, who for over a century have ranked among the great bankers of London. "Drummonds" keeps open an hour later than most banks, and an old partner used to say that in this way he saw and probably captured the accounts of any number of peers and Parliament men who just looked in at the bank parlor on their way "down to the House." Mr. Victor Drummond's mother was a sister of the well-known Lord John Manners. Her very accomplished sister, Lady Emmeline Stuart-Wortley, visited this country at a period when very few ladies of distinction from abroad found their way here. She became the guest of Daniel Webster and other eminent persons, and both gave and received a most agreeable impression. Mr. Drummond, who has now spent several years at Washington, where he has made a host of friends, will carry his bride off to Vienna.

—Victor Hugo is reported as having said to a friend, only a few weeks ago: "I have more to do than I have done. It might be thought that age weakens the intellect; my intellect, on the contrary, seems to grow stronger, and does not rest. It seems to me that as I advance my horizon grows wider, and so I shall pass away without having finished my task. I should require several lives still to write all that my mind conceives. I shall never finish. I am resigned on that point."

—In a recent number of the Cincinnati *Commercial* appears the following paragraph, giving another instance of the beauty of Mr. Longfellow's character, and especially the delight he took in doing kindly little acts for children:

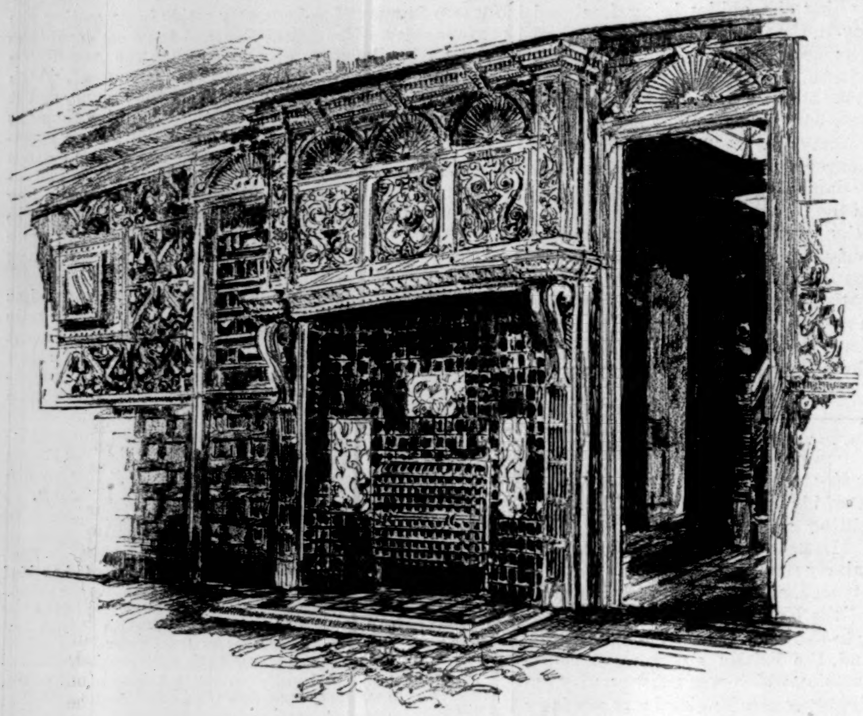
"In the summer of 1875 little Harry Haworth, son of William H. Haworth, of this city, in company with his mother, was visiting relatives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. One afternoon, while looking around the pretty village, and coming to the poet Longfellow's residence, the party stopped, and were viewing the beautiful grounds, when to their surprise the poet appeared on the piazza and asked them if they would not come in. Accepting the invitation, they were kindly shown about the house and grounds, and treated with some delicacies. About four years afterward Master Harry wrote the poet a letter of congratulation on his birthday, recalling his visit, and the kindness received at Mr. Longfellow's house, etc., in a boyish way, and was well paid, as the following reply will show:

"'Cambridge, *March* 20, 1879.

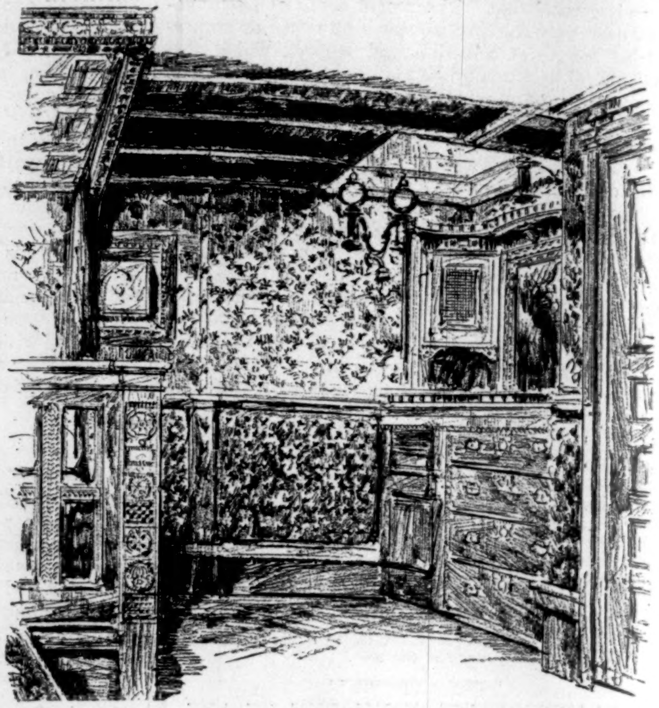
"'Dear Master Harry,—I have just received your letter of remembrance and congratulation on my birthday. I thank you; and may you live as long, and be congratulated in the same way!

"'Yours truly, Henry W. Longfellow.'

"Accompanying the note was a cabinet-size photograph of the poet. The note and picture have been framed together, and will be kept as a family treasure."



THE MAIN SALOON.—Drawn by C. A. Vanderhoof.



THE OWNER'S ROOM.

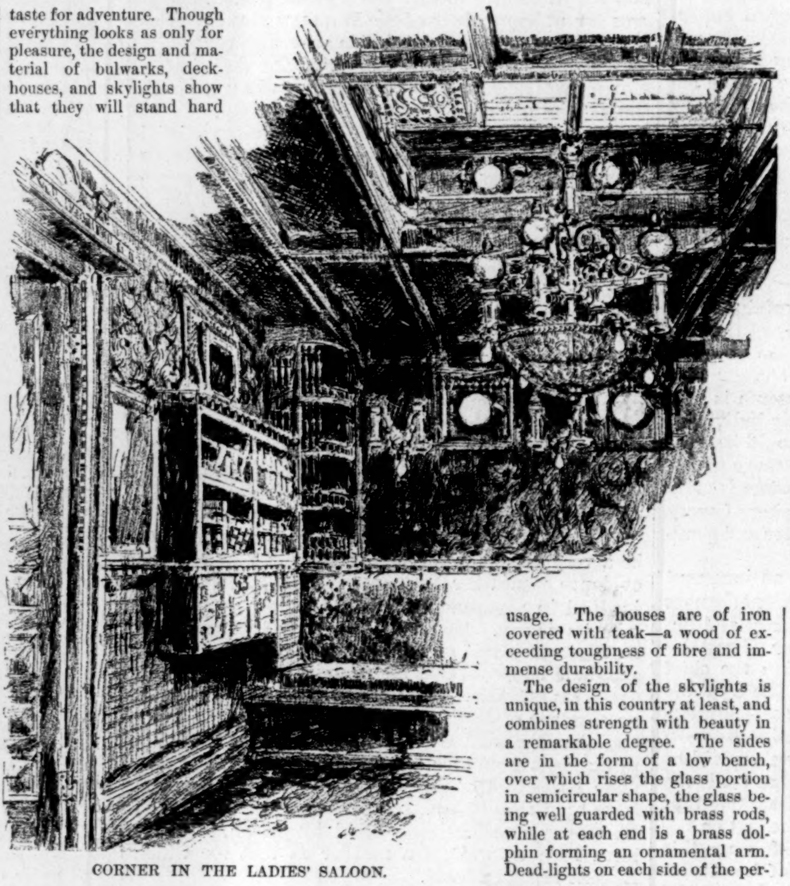
THE STEAM-YACHT "NAMOUNA."

The new iron screw steam-yacht *Namouna*, owned by **James Gordon Bennett**, Esq., proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has been at anchor in the North River for several days. She is the largest steam-yacht in America, and while her measurements and the scientific data employed have been already published, there is still opportunity for description and illustration of this costly pleasure-vessel. All last winter, during construction, she was the subject of favorable comment by the thousands who visited the yard of the builders, Messrs. **Ward, Stanton, & Co.**, at Newburgh, New York; and lying in mid-stream in the North River, her proportions do not suffer by comparison with the Atlantic steamers at the neighboring docks. To fully realize the size of the *Namouna* is not easy from an external view, which exhibits a vessel of superb appearance, and of a design especially fitted for ocean cruising. Yachting experts pronounce her a success, and naval architects declare that she will become a representative American craft in foreign waters. Besides the equipment of a steamer and almost that of a palace, the *Namouna* contains novelties which must read something like the impossibilities of fiction, and leave her unrivalled as a steam-yacht.

The plating of the vessel above the water is made flush, the glossy black hull being as smooth as a newly planed board. A gradual rising sheer, finished at the bow with a reverse curved cut-water ornamented with gold tracery, and a well-moulded short stern, as a sea steamer should have, are not only very attractive, but show the progress made in this country in building vessels designed for pleasure-cruising. Once over the side, and the *Namouna's* size is appreciated. Standing aft on the brightly finished deck, and looking forward at the beautifully curved bulwarks, well-finished deck-houses, and skylights, it is easy to understand something of the peculiar fascinations and glories of yachting, and **Byron**'s line,

> "Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey,"

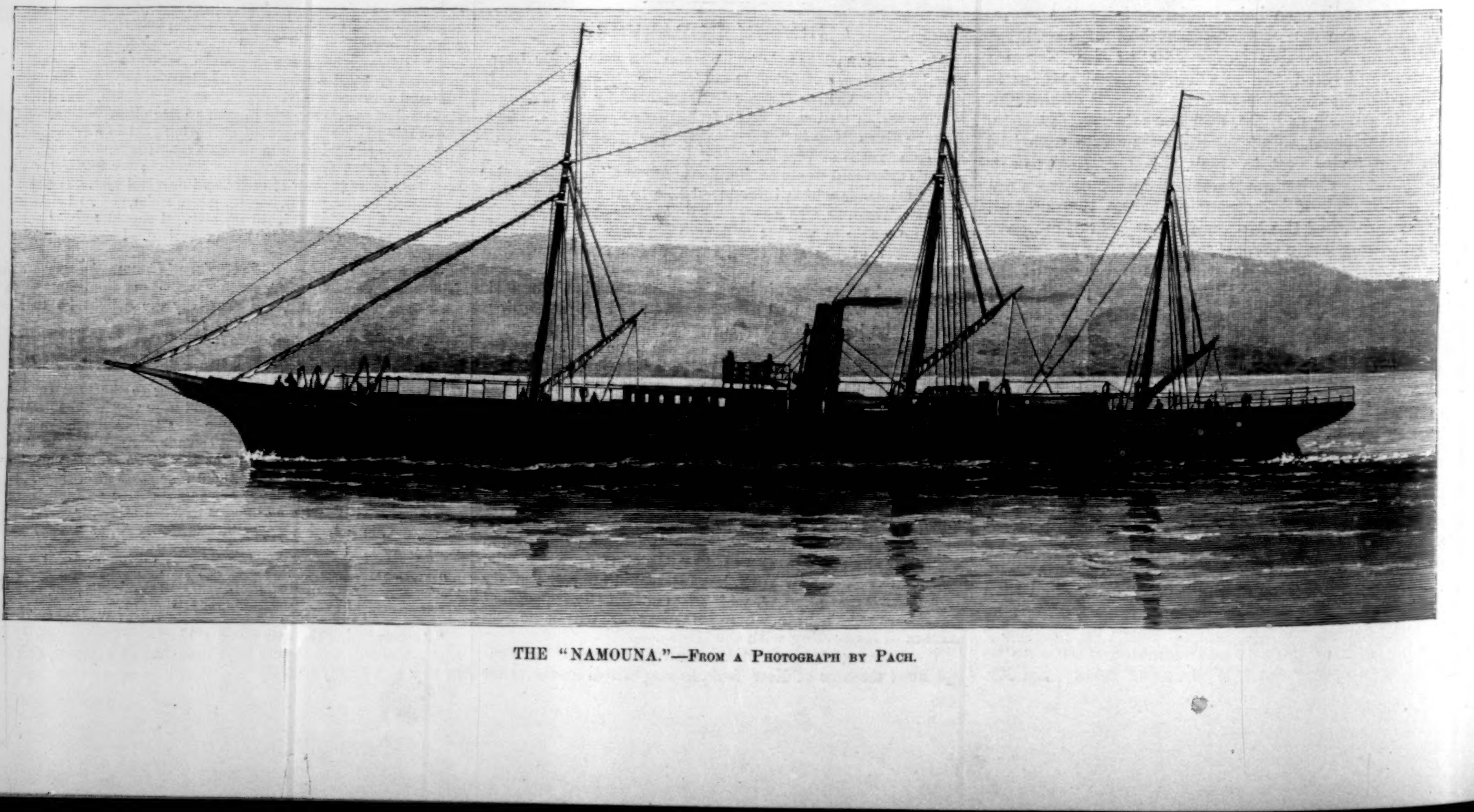
seems to harmonize well with the bold and free feeling that comes over every man who has any taste for adventure. Though everything looks as only for pleasure, the design and material of bulwarks, deck-houses, and skylights show that they will stand hard usage. The houses are of iron covered with teak—a wood of exceeding toughness of fibre and immense durability.



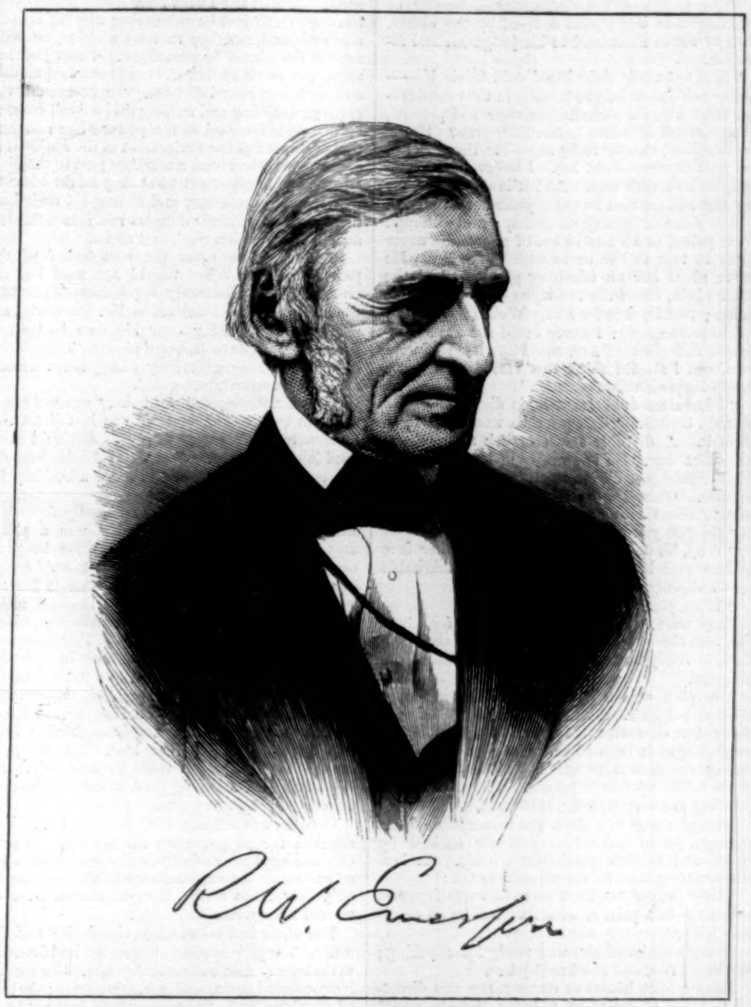
CORNER IN THE LADIES' SALOON.

The design of the skylights is unique, in this country at least, and combines strength with beauty in a remarkable degree. The sides are in the form of a low bench, over which rises the glass portion in semicircular shape, the glass being well guarded with brass rods, while at each end is a brass dolphin forming an ornamental arm. Dead-lights on each side of the perpendicular parts of the skylights afford ample ventilation. One of the surprises is the engine for the electric lights, which illuminate the interior of the yacht. This engine is one of immense power. Some of the electric lights in the engine-room have long wires attached, so that they can be moved from place to place. The steam steering-gear is operated from the bridge, while on the quarter-deck is an ebony and nickel-plated wheel of unusual size. The yacht has three masts, with the rigging on bands at the mast-heads, and the smoke-stack, which is painted a light drab, rakes in line with the masts. On the starboard side, between the mainmast and mizzenmast, hanging on davits, is the captain's gig. Forward of the gig is the cutter, and on the port side, between mainmast and mizzenmast, are the davits of the steam-launch, and forward of the launch the dingey.

The smoking-room is at the forward end of the deck-house, and the fittings and appointments are of a character that will satisfy the luxuriant tastes of the most confirmed devotee of the fragrant weed. Oak laid in squares makes a handsome floor, while the sides and ceiling are of mahogany, artistically divided by mouldings, and arranged in geometrical figures, producing a pretty effect. The fittings are of olive-green plush. From this room an uninterrupted view ahead and to each quarter aft may be had through heavy plate-glass windows. A snug chart-room is only a step away, and between these rooms a regal stairway, carved in costly hard wood, conducts to the grand saloon, which being entered, the eye meets a spacious apartment of the most decorative character. Imperial splendor and richness are on every hand. An electric chandelier of brass, with elaborately wrought decorations in Persian style, is over the dining-table, which, by-the-way, is capable of seating a score or more of guests. The skylight glasses are stained in harmonious colors, and automatic curtains of rich material and exquisite pattern are fitted to exclude the noonday glare of the tropic sun. A mantel-piece panelled in the richest of old carved English oak is on the lower side of the saloon, its supports on the sides being two magnificently carved dolphins. Beneath the mantel is a heavy nickel-



THE "NAMOUNA."—From a Photograph by Pach.



R.W. Emerson

plated fire-grate in a recess, which is tiled in exquisitely arranged ultramarine blue tiles. A book-case elaborately panelled in English oak adjoins the mantel, the doors of which are of bevelled glass, giving forth prismatic colors. The sides of the saloon are finished in plastic material, colored dark blue, pressed in squares, and ornamented with intertwined golden thistles. The effect is both rich and magnificent. The fittings of the sofas are of olive-green plush, and the automatic dead-light curtains are also finished with the emblematic thistle of Scotland, to harmonize with the sides of the saloon. The ceiling is in rich tints of marine blue, with golden fishes and marine animals going through the waters, leaving golden wakes. Mahogany, oak, and cherry, arranged in patterns, have been used in the saloon floor, over which are rugs of immense size. The general effect of the well-blended colors and the different texture of the material throughout this gorgeous apartment is very artistic.

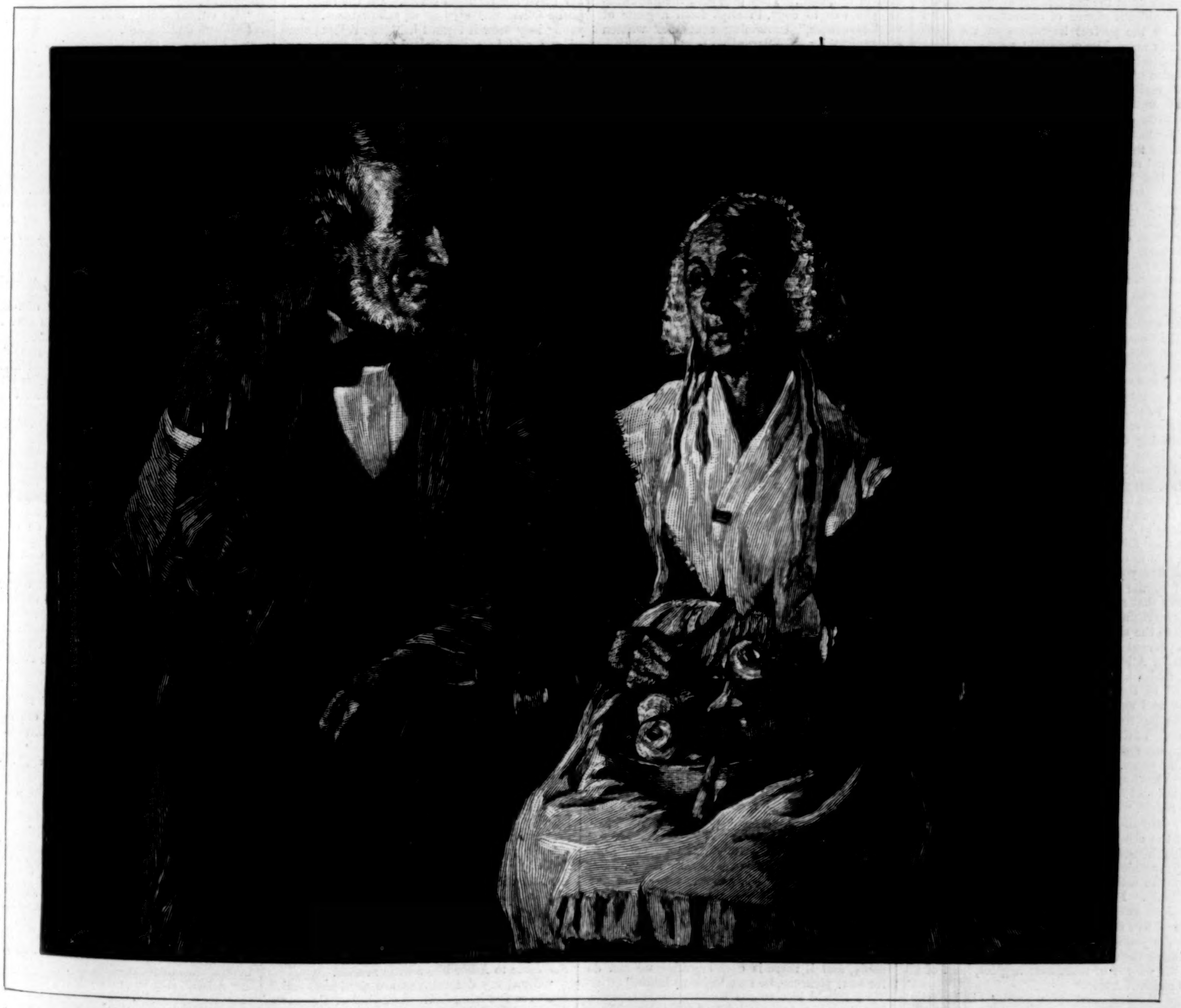
Going forward through a hall richly finished, the owner's room is reached, which is in keeping in its decorations and fittings with the rest of the ship. "Rich" and "Oriental" seem to be suitable words in referring to the furniture and appointments. A hand-carved cherry bedstead and the elegant ceiling piece over it cost, it is said, $1000. The walls are covered with beautiful flowered chintz. Under the skylight is a large bureau of cherry, arranged with drawers below and above on either side, with delicately carved lockers, between which is a large bevelled mirror. The hard-wood doors are panelled below in small squares, and fitted above with bevelled mirrors, while the door knobs are of brass, and egg-shaped. The owner's bath is beneath the floor of his room. Olive-green plush is the fitting for sofas and chairs, and the curtain hanging from the ceiling and covering the bed is of a rich material in some intricate Eastern pattern. The bed-spread is of a light material, elaborately ornamented with gold thread.

The ladies' saloon is still further forward, and is very similar in design and effect to the main saloon. The sides are inlaid small square patterns with various colored costly woods, and above the wood-work is cretonne. Bevelled mirrors are in profusion. An electric chandelier similar to that in the saloon, and candlesticks in a brass frame, covered with clouded glass, give the necessary light. The floor is of hard woods, and costly rugs are in place. An upright piano made to match the furniture is on the starboard side of the saloon, and the fittings and hangings are rich and magnificent, and in Oriental style. The saloon pantry, on the port side of the hall forward, is finished in ash, and contains the latest mechanical conveniences. Even the pumps are nickel-plated. Overhead are arranged racks to hold wine-glasses, etc., and from hooks hang ornamented and majolica pitchers. In the extreme bows of the vessel are the quarters for the saloon servants, the linen lockers, and the wine-room. Four state-rooms, two of medium size and two quite spacious, are forward of the ladies' saloon, while opposite the owner's room are two others but little if any smaller than that regal apartment. Their sides are covered with cretonne, and each is exquisitely wainscoted in hard woods. Every room is fitted with electric bells.

In this vessel the "forecastle" is aft, and thus may appropriately be termed the "after-castle." Aftermost of all are the quarters for the firemen and seamen. Every attention has been paid to their comfort and convenience. Each "after-castle" has its mess tables, clothes lockers, lavatory, and retiring-rooms, and is fitted with electric lights. Just forward of these quarters is the after-galley, where the cooking is done for the officers and crew. On either side of the galley are the quarters for the cooks, stewards, and mess-boys of this part of her complement of men. These quarters are reached by a companionway, while the culinary department has a companionway of its own, which comes up through the after-part of the deck-house. The "ward-room" is forward of the after-galley. It contains five state-rooms, pantry, dining-hall, retiring-rooms, with an abundance of clothes lockers. The apartment is lighted with electricity, and the fittings are in hard woods. It is well ventilated, and has its own companionway, also a passageway leading along the whole length of the vessel on the port side, from the grand saloon entrance to the "after-castle," with passages out of the officers' quarters, galleys, and engine-room. The saloon galley is fitted equal to the kitchen of a hotel with every convenience, and though less pretentious in size, it is more elegant in appearance than the galley aft.

The fresh-water used for drinking, washing, or bathing is supplied to the various receptacles throughout the yacht by a pressure engine, which is controlled so that when the pressure exceeds five pounds, an automatic valve is lifted, and the water flows back into the tanks, which hold about twenty-five tons.

The measurements of the *Namouna* have been published. We may repeat: Length over all, 226 feet 10 inches; length on water-line, 217 feet; breadth of beam, 26 feet 4 inches; depth



"THE DEACON'S VISIT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

of hold, 15 feet 2 inches; draught of water, 14 feet 3 inches; tonnage, 845.10 tons, old measurement.

The engines of the *Namouna* are of the double-tandem, vertical-compound, surface-condensing type, with two high-pressure cylinders 23 inches in diameter and 28 inches stroke, and two low-pressure cylinders 42 inches in diameter by 28 inches stroke. The shaft is 11 inches in diameter, and the propeller 11 feet 6 inches. A donkey-boiler runs a condensing apparatus capable of making 500 gallons of fresh-water daily. The engines are supplied with steam from two cylindrical steel boilers 13 feet in diameter and 11 feet long. In them are 130 feet of grate surface and 3200 feet of fire surface. The hull of the yacht is divided into four water-tight compartments. The vessel reflects the utmost credit on her builders, and all those connected with her decorations and appointments. The *Namouna* will be commanded by Captain ALEXANDER MCGACHEN, formerly of the White Star Steam-ship Company. Mr. THOMAS COLES, brother of that rare old sailor JACK COLES, of the Arctic steamer *Jeannette*, is the mate. The illustrations of the interior of the yacht were drawn by Mr. C. A. VANDERHOOF.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

By LAURA SANFORD.

ADÈLE HASKELL formed one of a group of girls who were spending their summer at the sea-side, in a romantic little port, made thoroughly delightful by the combination of woodland and wild coast. Inland drives and shaded rambles were as accessible at choice as surf-bathing or the long strolls on the fine white beach, forever washed by the exhilarating waves.

Adèle was at this place under the care of her aunt, and with her, under her own care, a younger sister just nearing the fourteenth birthday, and ceasing to be the torment and delight of immediate relatives as *l'enfante terrible*, only to occupy the same distinctions of concern as "a bright little piece." Georgie Haskell was an irrepressible, mischievous, wonderfully observant, and wide-awake creature; and her calm and beautiful elder, Adèle, whom she devoutly admired and loved, had nevertheless no light task in taking care of her.

Georgie was often in disgrace, and sometimes in punishment, and her only relief at such moments was to write long letters of complaint to her absent mother. In one of these letters, whose exaggerated tales of woe could only interest the maternal heart, there happened to be, one day in late July, a bit of description incidentally given that throws upon the sea-side life at the romantic port a significant glance of comprehension, and shows how the perfect happiness of the place was utterly marred by one slight want, not taken into consideration by the mammas and aunts in their choice of a summer sea-side.

"And really," wrote Georgie, "I never knew that men and boys could be of so much *importance*. Even *bad* boys would be welcome here; and as for Sam and Henry, they would be petted to death by the girls. The night of the ball they had to send twelve miles for just a few; and *such* a set! But Miss Riley said, 'Oh, anybody for partners.' Olivia H—— has perfectly beautiful dresses—all from Paris—and not *a soul* to dress for; for she says she *won't* dress for girls. The older girls, of course, are too proud to say a word; but anybody can see they are just *dying* for a few beaux; and we younger girls don't mind saying that boys are good for picnics and moonlight tea-parties on the rocks (we want to get up some moonlight tea-parties, but can't till the boys come), and for huckleberry excursions, where there are dogs and fences, and for fishing, and such things.

"Last night there was a *great* excitement. Miss Riley said she *heard* that *five young men* had engaged rooms for August in this hotel, and that rooms (on the second floor) were being fixed for them. You ought to have seen Olivia. 'They won't come *to-night*, will they?' she said; for she had nothing on but her plain black silk and a turned-down collar. But to-day she's dressed splendidly—plum-color and salmon. I wish you could see her gown; it's *lovely*. They are coming in the stage to-night, and I do hope we will have some fun, and I want you, dear mamma, to write *especially* to Adèle—because she is awfully stupid about *some* things—that if there are picnics, I am to go, and to tea parties, for I'm fourteen," etc.

The five young men came, others were soon added to the number, and there was no more dullness that season. Drives, picnics, sails, rambles, everything that could be devised for lending wings to the summer hours, found plentiful energy to prevent dreams from losing the "name of action." All went merrily to mid-August.

In mid-August a keen observer might have noticed in the little community—outwardly all gayety and suave amity—certain ominous signs threatening the general peace in the formation of cliques. In these cliques there were whisperings and mystery, as if in disaffection or in disapproval of each other. Adèle Haskell with her natural reserve holding herself apart from personal confidences, and having in the sea-side circle no intimate friend, was not quick to perceive this change in the daily life of her companions. All the more when the change suddenly became palpable did she feel herself alone and harshly shut out from the sympathies of those who at first had seemed anxious to establish with her the most confiding friendship. Fortunately the rapid succession of diversions gave her little time to brood over the cause of this coldness, which was confined to the girls, the young men having with admirable tact equalized their attentions, so that no one could feel the weight of masculine neglect, least of all the beautiful Adèle.

One of these considerate youths was, however, unconsciously the source of disaffection, and that no other than Harvey Ellsworth, the favorite of the whole house, the manly beau-ideal of the younger girls, and the distinguished master of ceremonies in every plan devised by the elders, both of whom submitted to his judgment and direction.

"Is it not really ridiculous," said Olivia H—— to her half-dozen bosom-friends, in that confidential hour when the gentlemen were not present, "the manner of Adèle to Mr. Ellsworth? She is so conscious, so affectedly shy—for there is not any real shyness about her. I believe she is actually in love with him. And it is so absurd, for any one can see that he never gives her a thought. I have watched him quite closely; and although he is polite, as he has to be, of course, he never cares to talk to her or to dance with her. He never gives her an admiring glance. And the other night, about the music, he was almost rude to her; that is, rude for *him*. Well, I never liked Adèle particularly: I never could see the beauty people talk about. And now I like her less than ever, and I should think that Harvey Ellsworth would be positively disgusted."

"I have no doubt that he is disgusted," said Matilda Owens. "Of course he wouldn't like to show it. And Adèle acts as much as to say, in her quiet way, 'He is secretly in love with me.' Oh, I should just like to see her vanity dampened a little. Girls, let us have some fun; let us bring Adèle Haskell out."

"How do you mean 'bring her out'?"

"Why, let us make some plan to set her face to face with her folly, and give her remarkable serene dignity a good lesson."

"What plan can we make?"

They were not long in finding one; for, given the mischievous intent, and there is always a scheme ready at hand to give the mischief expression.

The plan was a bold one, and several days elapsed before it was thoroughly completed and ready for execution. It might have perished carelessly as it began but for one or two aggravating circumstances which in the mean time made Adèle appear to be more than ever appropriating the desirable Mr. Ellsworth.

During these few days the susceptible little Georgie found herself very kindly noticed by Olivia and Olivia's particular friends. At last one morning Matilda Owens said to her:

"Georgie, do you want to have some fun, and help us with a plan of ours that will be an excellent joke?"

Georgie declared she was ready for anything; she loved fun, and she loved jokes.

Having been bound to secrecy, she was directed to write at dictation a letter Matilda would compose, and to use in writing her extraordinary skill in imitation. They produced the handwriting she was to copy, in slips from a game of "Consequences," containing sentences written one evening by Mr. Ellsworth.

"Whom is the letter to?" asked Georgie.

"That," said Matilda, "you are not to know. Then if any questions are asked when the joke comes off, you can say truly that you are ignorant."

Georgie looked thoughtful at this, and hesitated. "I think I ought to know whom I am writing to," she said.

The girls overruled her objection. "You will know as soon as it is best," they said. "And you can trust us that it is written to the right person."

So Matilda dictated:

"Forgive me if I address you too hastily and too boldly. You are in all my thoughts every moment, and I feel that I can not resist the opportunity that may never occur again. May I see you for a few moments alone? If you will grant me this request—and I beg you as you value the true devotion of my heart not to refuse—please wear to-night in your hair *a yellow rose*."

This letter had been carefully composed, and it was dictated by Matilda from a manuscript approved by all the girls concerned in this practical joke.

"Now sign it," said Olivia.

"How shall I sign it?" asked the child, who had succeeded by sharp scrutiny of the model in making the writing quite characteristic.

"Why, 'Harvey Ellsworth,' of course. 'Tis a pity we could not get his signature for you to copy exactly, but you must make it from the letters you have. There is a capital H to begin with."

"Oh, Matilda," said Georgie, "I could not sign a man's name. That would be wrong, I am sure. No one has a right to sign another man's name. Why, that would be forgery." She was quite decided.

"Well, it must be signed," said Olivia, "or it will not be of any use. Of course no one would wear a rose for an anonymous lover. Come, don't be obstinate, Georgie; we shall lose our whole joke."

"I will tell you what she can do," said Matilda, who had some faint misgiving of conscience herself on this point: "she can sign it in initials—'H. E.' That might be anybody; at least it might be any He. Come, child, don't haggle; the whole affair is nothing but a bit of fun. He! he! always comes after a good joke, you know, Georgie."

So Georgie, having found in the scraps of "Consequences" the proper capitals, signed "H. E." with a modest flourish, and the note, after due inspection and admiration, was signed and sealed.

"Now *please* let me direct it," said Georgie. "I'll promise not to tell."

"Oh, we have a plan about the direction," Olivia said. "Now you have done your part nobly, and if there is ever anything we can do for your pleasure, be sure to let us know."

"I should like to see the fun," said Georgie. "And you need not tell me who it is, for I *know* it is Miss Riley. And it's almost too bad, only I suppose a real old maid—a real *flirting* old maid, I mean—doesn't mind whom she wears yellow roses for. She will just be wondering why he doesn't come up and ask her to take a drive, or walk around the piazza by moonlight. I can just imagine how she'll pucker her funny crooked mouth, and dart her poor little yellow eyes around the corners, watching and waiting till he don't come;" and Georgie laughed at the picture her imagination presented of the excitement of the antiquated coquette, who had been a warning post to the girls all summer to point out what they might come to if they kept on dancing and flirting till their hair turned gray, and their dimples ran into wrinkles, and their voices cracked, and so on.

Success smiled upon the completion of the practical joke. When the 11 A.M. mail had arrived, and the customary application for letters was made at the hotel office, Mr. Ellsworth appeared there, looking over his own budget, as fortune would have it, quite alone. Then Olivia came sauntering gracefully along the corridor, and coming near him, paused.

"Oh, Mr. Ellsworth," said she, "*can* you reach that pen on the desk, and *will* you just direct this little note? It is only a line to Adèle; I must send it to her room. Just 'Miss Adèle Haskell,' please." And she turned to order a bell-boy for the errand.

The ink of its address was hardly dry when Adèle received the note. There was a picnic that day at Seven-miles Falls, a drive home by early moonlight, and high tea at nine. Immediately before tea the toilets were made for the evening, and a by-plot was contrived by which Georgie Haskell was detained from being present at the critical moment of the joke's dénouement. When tea was nearly over, she took her place at table, and glanced at Miss Riley: there was the yellow rose in her hair! Mr. Ellsworth, perfectly unconscious, was seated nearly opposite her. Then Georgie looked cautiously at Olivia; there was a yellow rose in her hair. All the girls, even Adèle, had yellow roses in their hair. Mr. Ellsworth had a yellow rose in his button-hole. Other gentlemen had similar *boutonnières*.

Georgie was slightly bewildered; but her keen appetite for supper after all her open-air exercise assuaged her curiosity, and she contented herself to await the explanation of this complication of yellow roses until after she should have devoured her oysters and salad.

The affair had taken place simply, but satisfactorily. The girls specially interested had hastened to their tea. Adèle came rather late. She wore an ivory-colored gown, with gold ornaments; she looked very beautiful. In her dark hair, half hidden by the heavy braid, was a yellow rose-bud. She took her place not far from Olivia. On the table opposite Olivia was a basin of yellow roses. The young lady drew it toward her, after Adèle entered, and said, in a nonchalant but distinctly audible voice, "Yellow roses seem to be the fashion to-night." With these words she took one from the vase, and stuck it jauntily in the braid of her hair. The girls near her did the same. Then Olivia ordered the basin to be passed around the table, so that all present might select a flower.

At the instant that the sentence had passed Olivia's lips, Adèle flushed quickly. She did not raise her eyes immediately; but when she did, she looked fully into Olivia's face, then at Matilda, whose half-suppressed laugh had reached her. Then she dropped her eyes again without allowing them to transmit any expression of surprise, or anger, or suspicion. But the quick flush faded into a painful pallor. She looked for a few moments as if she were fainting; but no, her spirit rallied. She went on with her tea. She even, as the waiter, not noticing the bud in her hair, held the basin to her, took from it a rose, and placed it in her bodice. She left the table when several others left it, so as not to attract observation, and went to her own room.

The plot had succeeded. She had been set face to face with her own folly.

When Georgie rushed to Matilda to hear "how the joke went off," all Matilda said was, "Hush, don't you see her?" and glanced toward Miss Riley.

But when Georgie a few minutes later went to find her sister, whom she missed from the parlor, she had difficulty in bringing any answer to the locked door of the room which the sisters shared together. When Adèle, after delay, opened it, there was no concealing the fact that her eyes were red with weeping. She had evidently been shaken with some tempest of emotion.

"Oh, Addie!" cried the child, "what is the matter? What has happened?" She caught sight of two yellow roses—a bud and a flower—tossed on the floor. "Oh, my darling Addie! my beautiful, splendid, noble sister! what *have* they done to you? Oh, I'll kill them every one; indeed I will," cried Georgie, for the whole truth flashed on her instantly: Adèle was the victim of the plot. "And I'll kill myself too," cried Georgie.

It was now Adèle's turn for exclamation. "Be still, be still, my child; don't talk so wildly. Nothing has happened; no one has done anything to me. I was tired, and I cried. I felt tired, that's all. Oh, I feel so tired of all the world to-night!" And here Adèle, seeing that Georgie was quite hushed, flung herself into an arm-chair, and burying her face in her hands, went on weeping.

Georgie stood perfectly still, as if petrified—petrified as to motion, but not petrified as to expression. Across her mobile child-face passed a conflict of feeling—sorrow, indignation, pity, and at last resolve. From this last sentiment, *resolve*, her manner changed entirely; something of a womanly air took possession of her childishness. She came to Adèle like a little mother.

"Come, my dearest, you are tired out, and I must see you lying down to rest before I go down stairs. We *children*"—here the small head gave its habitual scornful toss—"are to dance first; but you must be down stairs at ten. I know you will be rested by that time, and I want you *particularly*, for my sake, to come down."

All the while she talked she was caressing Adèle, and between the caresses she unfastened her ornaments and unlaced her gown. She brought the *robe de chambre*. "For you are to be down at ten, so you can not undress entirely, darling. But just lie down on the silk coverlet," which coverlet she proceeded to unfold and to spread on the bed.

Adèle ceased crying; she was passive to Georgie's will. And Georgie, having seen her sister quite in a restful attitude, and having made her *solemnly promise* not to shed another tear, and not to *think* of anything that troubled her, turned the lamp-light low, and went down stairs. She danced "the Lanciers" for which she was engaged, and then went out alone into the cool, sweet night air of the moon-lit piazza. This piazza was one of the pleasure haunts of the midsummer nights; it made, with some détours under pavilions of an ornamented court-yard, the complete circuit of the hotel.

Georgie walked slowly along the piazza past two or three groups of girls, until she came to the angle that turned upon that portion of the portico which the gentlemen used after dinner and after tea for smoking. There were a few young men there with their cigars. Among them was Mr. Ellsworth. To him the child went boldly.

"Mr. Ellsworth, please could you come with me a minute to the Blue Pavilion?"

He could not refuse; indeed, he flung away his cigar with all politeness, and put the little hand gallantly upon his arm.

She said not a word till they reached the pavilion. Then she withdrew her arm from his suddenly, and turning toward him with a face glowing intensely with the absorbing thought her heart held, took both his hands in hers.

"*Dear* Mr. Ellsworth, a terrible trouble has happened."

"Not to Adèle?"

"Yes, to Adèle. And I have been in it. Oh, I'm a dreadful, dreadful, *dreadful* girl! Will you help me, *dear* Mr. Ellsworth?"

"To my utmost," said Harvey Ellsworth, with every appearance of sincerity, and even anxiety.

"I must tell you everything first," said the child; "and I don't know how to, but I must. Well, the girls wanted to play a joke on Adèle—on *Adèle*, just think of it! And so they wrote her a note, and pretended that *you* wrote it, but in reality *I* did, for I copy handwriting. But, oh! I never, *never* will copy anything again, for I believe it is breaking the Second Commandment—it is making a graven likeness. Oh! isn't it, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Go on, my child," said that gentleman, with impatience undisguised.

"And we sent the note, saying that you adored her, and wanted to see her all alone; and if she would let you, she must come down to tea to-night wearing a yellow rose."

"And *did* she wear it?"

And here Georgie, petrified again—petrified this time in motion, speech, expression. There was something so intense in the way in which Harvey Ellsworth asked this question, something so like an electrical shock thrilling Georgie in every nerve upon which his voice fell. Soft as that voice was, it rang like a violin string that gives the note and breaks in giving it; and his eyes shone like points of fire—at least she thought they did.

"Did she *wear* it?"

Oh, Georgie, you will never be a child again after to-night. The terror, the responsibility, the mingled insight and apprehension of this concentration of experience, forbid you ever to return to the reckless innocence of fate.

She paused one moment longer. She dropped his hands, and covering her eyes, stood helplessly before him. Was it, then, to be either betrayal or desertion of Adèle? One of these two miseries.

"It is a secret," half sobbed the child. "A good man like you would never tell it. Yes, Mr. Ellsworth, she wore it. And now"—she changed the attitude to one confiding and imploring—"and now you must help me. She must not be disgraced, my darling, noble sister, and laughed at by all the house; and I—my own hand did it."

She felt again something like an electrical shock, for she had looked up to his face; and the face of Harvey Ellsworth at that moment was in a rapture—a rapture of happiness.

Her heart lightened as she went on. "You must pretend to Adèle that you did write it; she must never know that the girls made such a plan; she must think that she was mistaken; for, oh! she has been crying dreadfully. You must send her another note, and say you are so glad she wore the rose."

"And I *am* so glad," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"And then—for she did consent," this Georgie said regretfully—"since she did consent, you must walk around the piazza with her, and make up something to comfort her."

"I shall not have to make it up," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Then come, quick, and write the message," cried the impetuous Georgie.

By ten o'clock Adèle, re-arrayed in her lovely costume, with the rose-bud in her hair, and the message, "Meet me in the Blue Pavilion," written by his own hand, brought to her by her own Georgie—his message, with one trembling kiss upon it, safely stowed in the pocket of her ivory-colored gown—went down-stairs just as the waltz music in the parlor struck up jubilantly.

And in the Blue Pavilion, safe with Mr. Ellsworth, Georgie, blessed Georgie—for so she felt herself that moment—left her.

"Adèle," said the manly voice, with that manliest tone in it that springs from true devotion, "I shall thank you all my life for granting me this happiness. May I spend my life—are you going to let me, dear Adèle, spend my life in thanking you for it?"

These questions followed each other closely; so closely because the proud, sensitive girl, to whom all expression of that which was really sacred to her was by her very constitution most difficult, had been this night so tossed and wearied by pain and pain's misgivings that she melted at love's first touch. There was no need to ask, "Do you love me?" between the dedicatory questions. The sweet face, agitated and tender, the hands that he clasped in his, trembling, told without the asking that she loved him.

He drew her near to him there in the solitude, in the shaded moonlight, in the midsummer sea-air, and went on with all a lover's resistless fervor: "My darling, I hardly dared—hardly dared to hope for this after our cruel separation. When we parted last year in Florence, Adèle, and you said 'forever,' I knew as deeply as you could care to have me know that I never could love another—not really love another. Do you know, my darling, did you hear, that I was very ill at Paris? They called it Roman fever, but it was the fever of fate, Adèle. Many weeks it consumed me. Then when I aroused myself, or when something beyond myself aroused me to the fact of living again, I took up life simply as a burden. 'If I can give a ray of happiness to those unhappy as myself, let me live,' I thought; 'but for me there is no joy in living.' And now we have met again. It was a strange accident that brought me to this place. I must tell you of it some time, darling. But we have met again, and this time it is forever. Adèle—my love."

As little Georgie in her motherly treatment of her sister had mingled with her words and service her tender caresses, so Adèle's lover now between his words lavished his mute endearment.

"We have met again, and this time *forever*."

"Well, I declare," said Olivia, when on the morrow of the unkind plot's dénouement the engagement was announced of Harvey Ellsworth and Adèle Haskell—"I do declare that men are the most deceitful creatures. Who could ever have dreamed that those two people had ever been anything to each other, had actually been engaged, they say, and the engagement broken off by Adèle's guardian? Why, no one could have seemed more indifferent than that Harvey Ellsworth has seemed; how she can trust him or have any faith in him I can not imagine. He certainly *acted* coldly enough, and as if he did not care for her."

"Perhaps he does not care for her now," said Matilda Owens.

And at the very moment that she said it Harvey Ellsworth—on the ocean shore, far up at the White Cove, where the breakers came in magnificently, and where the blue sea, far as eye could look, was spangled as if strewn with golden roses—Harvey Ellsworth was lying in the white sand at Adèle's feet, with his lips seeking her hand again and again, and his eyes looking long and deep into hers, and his heart saying to his heart of hearts, "At last Heaven has given me the woman of my life, the woman of my soul."

THE MOTHER SHIPTON MYTH.

The original and only Mother Shipton, who did not predict that the world would come to an end in 1881, inasmuch as that particular prophecy was written by Mr. Charles Hindley in 1862, undoubtedly lived at some time prior to 1641. In that year an account of her life and a collection of her alleged prophecies were published, in which it was asserted that she was born at Naseborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1488, and died at the age of seventy-three. There are other accounts of her which, after giving the year 1486 as the date of her birth, assert that she died in 1651, at the age of seventy, but these accounts were obviously written before the invention of chalk and blackboard had popularized the study of arithmetic.

Mother Shipton inherited from her mother—one Agatha without a surname—a flourishing prophetical business. Agatha had married a fiend under the delusion that he was a gentleman, and she afterward made the best of the situation by going into business as a prophetess, her literally infernal husband furnishing capital in the shape of supernatural knowledge of men and things. The child of this remarkable marriage was christened, in spite of her father's loose theological views, by a real bishop, and received the name of Ursula Soothtell. She was a remarkable and in many respects inconvenient infant. She had a habit of stretching herself to the extent of six or seven feet, and in this condition mocking at the efforts of her unhappy nurse to pack her in a two-foot cradle; while at other times she would shrink to a quarter of the size of a usual infant—a state of things which would have seriously weakened the nurse's mind had she not had the foresight to sustain it with judicious gin.

Arriving at womanhood, Ursula, although phenominally ugly, succeeded in marrying one Toby Shipton, a carpenter, and on the death of her mother continued the prophetical business at the old stand with much success. No collection of her prophecies was published during her life—a fact which does great credit to her as a good business prophet. After she had been securely dead for a number of years, the first collection of her prophecies appeared, and it has been followed at intervals by at least fifty other volumes containing samples of her prophetic skill.

We need not wonder at the exactness with which nearly all of her numerous prophecies have been fulfilled. Dr. Cummings and other eminent modern prophets rashly undertook to prophesy concerning the events of the future, and as the future refused to adapt itself to the prophecies, the prophets suffered in reputation. The collectors, let us call them, of Mother Shipton's prophecies pursued the opposite system. They selected events which had already happened, and then found prophecies to fit them. This system built up a fine reputation for Mother Shipton, and it is not too much to say that had it been strictly adhered to at all times, not one of her prophecies would have failed. Unfortunately, in a few instances, enthusiastic collectors published prophecies relating to events yet to come. Thus Mr. Hindley, after showing in 1862 that Mother Shipton had predicted the invention of railways, the Crimean War, and the Crystal Palace, weakly permitted her to say that the world would come to an end in 1881, the failure of which prediction weakened popular faith in Mother Shipton. Another reckless collector made Mother Shipton predict the destruction of Ham Hill in Somersetshire, by an earthquake, at 12 M. on Good-Friday of 1879. Of course the people that assembled to see the earthquake were indignant that it did not occur, and most of them probably decided that Mother Shipton was no better than a modern professional seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.

Are there no genuine prophecies of Mother Shipton? There is not the least reason to suppose that there are. Doubtless Mother Shipton lived, and was sufficiently ugly to earn the reputation of a witch; but the prophecies attributed to her bear intrinsic evidence of having been written in nearly all cases after the events to which they relate had occurred. Those few which are yet to be fulfilled are for the most part painfully vague—so vague that the future will hardly make the attempt to furnish events explanatory of them.

The portrait of Mother Shipton is at least as genuine as are her prophecies. It is given in an edition of her prophecies published in 1686. Nothing could be more convincing than the diagrams in the book which the prophetess is consulting, and the extent to which the hair of the young woman who is listening to her stands on end shows a faith in Mother Shipton's personally painful revelations that is very touching.

W. L. Alden.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

There should be a fitting climax to every well-considered musical season, just as there should be a fitting climax to every well-developed musical composition. Mr. Thomas evidently had such a climax in view when he planned the Musical Festival. For while every concert he has given this season has been an admirable little totality, they may be regarded as a series of preludes to the crowning event of the season. The Festival was the consummation of Mr. Thomas's long-cherished ambition. From the time when, as a lad, he played the fiddle in theatre orchestras, he has worked with the enthusiasm of an artist and the perseverance of a scholar, so that the popular success of this week's performances at the Seventh Regiment Armory was no more than a recognition of his unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of his art. I wonder if the memories of many years of bitter struggle came crowding over him that moment on Tuesday evening when he took his place at the conductor's desk, amid the plaudits of thousands, and with a wave of his wand led into action the largest musical force ever gathered in this city?

The composition of this force gives some idea of the amount of work preliminary to the performance. The orchestra, with Mr. Hermann Brandt as principal violinist, numbered three hundred and two musicians; the chorus, three thousand two hundred voices. Of the former, the orchestra of the New York Philharmonic was the central force, while the New York Chorus Society and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Chorus, of six hundred members each, formed the nucleus of the large body of singers. But besides these vocal organizations there were no less than five from out of town—the famous Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, the Cecilian of Philadelphia, the Worcester County Musical Association, the Baltimore Oratorio Association, and the Reading Choral Society. In addition to the orchestral rehearsals and the rehearsals of the resident choruses, it was necessary for Mr. Thomas to have general supervision of the drilling of the various out-of-town societies. Then, too, the transportation and accommodation of these offered a serious problem. The arrangements finally adopted were those suggested by Dr. J. C. Rodrigues, who for several weeks worked faithfully and *con amore* for the success of the Festival. Sound steamers were chartered for the New England societies, and others were accommodated at hotels. At the same time their transportation from the piers and the hotels to the Armory was provided for to the minutest detail. But the result showed that all this labor was not misdirected. Besides giving Mr. Thomas an unusual force of well-drilled singers, it awakened a strong interest in the Festival throughout a large section of the country.

It is not within the scope of this article to go into details concerning the singing of each of these societies. They all did nobly. Having worked faithfully all winter, they came to the Festival with that self-confidence without which an effective performance is impossible, and at the same time Mr. Thomas inspired them with an enthusiasm that carried them safely over all technical difficulties. That the orchestra should have played as though it were a labor of love is not surprising. The Philharmonic is the musical Old Guard of this country, whose success has been brightest under Mr. Thomas, and they naturally follow him with that devotion which every tried and trusted leader inspires. At the head of all these forces stood Theodore Thomas, calm and firm, approaching the greatest difficulties with perfect equanimity. How could chorus or orchestra falter with such a leader.

The principal soloist was Frau Amalia Friedrich-Materna, prima donna of the Imperial Opera in Vienna. Frau Friedrich-Materna is so thoroughly identified with the Wagnerian school of music that a history of that school would be incomplete without mention of her. Wagner heard her sing for the first time when he had not yet found a soprano to sing the part of Brunnhilde at the Bayreuth Festival. She had hardly finished before he sprang to his feet, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Thank God! I have at last found my Brunnhilde." Soon after her return to Europe in July she will sing Kundry, at the first performance of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth. The names of few executant artists are so firmly connected with any art epoch as that of Frau Friedrich-Materna is with the musical epoch of our own times. Her style of singing is broad and impassioned, and she carries herself with the dignity of one who has been accustomed to personate the greatest heroines of German mythology. At the same time there is a graciousness in her bearing which shows that the heart of a true woman beats beneath the passions of the artist. Her father was a poor school-teacher in a little village of the Steiermark. She received her first musical instruction from him, learning as a child already solos from the masses of Haydn and Mozart. Afterward she went to Graz to pursue her studies at the Musik-Verein. On her father's death she despaired of being able to continue these. But as her singing in church had attracted attention, some monks requested her to remain, promising to have a collection taken up for her every Sunday. Her first public performance was at the Thalia Theatre, in Graz, where she met her husband. Then she obtained an engagement to sing in operettas at the Carl Theatre, in Vienna. The manager of the Imperial Opera heard her, and thinking that her scope was far beyond the burlesques of the Carl Theatre, gave her a trial in *L'Africaine*. Her success was instantaneous.

With his usual tact, Mr. Thomas cast her for selections peculiarly adapted to her school of singing. She was heard in the soprano aria from *Fidelio*, the "Ocean" aria from *Oberon*, as Brunnhilde at the Wagner matinée, in the mass on the Beethoven night, and in *The Fall of Troy* of Berlioz, at the closing performance.

Besides Herr Wilhelm Candidus, a distinguished German tenor, the list of soloists included such honored names as Madame Etelka Gerster, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signori Campanini and Galassi, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, while Mr. Dudley Buck presided at the organ.

The programmes were arranged with consummate skill. As an instance I give that of the first night: Cantata, "A Stronghold Sure," Bach; C Major Symphony, Mozart; recitative and aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven; "Utrecht Jubilate," Handel. Here we have infinite grace and beauty in the Mozart symphony, while the massiveness of the other selections give a certain deft symmetry to the entire scheme. Among the works I did not mention in speaking of Frau Materna, which the evening programmes included, were Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, Liszt's Symphony to Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and the famous chorus in the third act of Wagner's *Meistersinger*. Of the programmes for the afternoon, that for Saturday is most interesting. It contains examples of the Italian schools from Corelli (1653) to Bazzini and Verdi. The programme-book, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, gave a scholarly treatise on the most important compositions of the Festival scheme.

An excellent idea of the interior arrangement of the Armory is obtained from the accompanying illustrations. The sounding-board over the chorus, the massing of the orchestra, and the dampers at the other end of the hall, to prevent an echo, worked admirably, and the volume of sound was delightfully pure, resonant, and strong.

All in all, then, the Musical Festival redounds to the honor of New York and the cities represented in the chorus; but above all to Mr. Thomas, whose artistic feeling, scholarly taste, and magnetic energy brought so great an undertaking to so successful an issue.

Gustav Kobbé.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is stated on the authority of a physician of note that there are many persons who can become as intoxicated on deep and rapid inhalations of pure air as though they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulant. This fact, however, is not generally known by those who are called upon to plead in police courts to the charge of being drunk and disorderly.

The United States might draw the line between emigration and the wholesale shipping of paupers to this country without violating any law or established principle. The influx of candidates for places in our hospitals, asylums, and prisons was never so great as it is this spring.

It is promised by Professor Swift, of Rochester, that the new comet shall increase in brightness till it is visible in the full sunshine.

According to an English paper, a man who was not long ago one of the wealthiest landlords in Connaught is now the driver of a London omnibus at a salary equivalent to twelve and a half dollars a week. The story has it that he was Boycotted out of his income. It is said, however, that he has taken cheerfully to the reins and whip, and is as robust and good-natured as when he found his best sport in hunting.

The Philadelphia *Times*, in a recent issue, told of the experience of Vice-President Davis with Senator Hill's chair in the Senate Chamber. Finding the Vice-President's seat uncomfortable, he vacated it, and took possession of the one usually occupied by the Senator from Georgia. The chair had not been built to sustain any such weight, and it collapsed so suddenly that the Vice-President came to an undignified posture on the floor. "After considerable trouble, and with a decidedly crimson cast of countenance," says the *Times*, "the Independent party in the Senate gathered itself up, and toddled back to its own chair, and did not essay any further exercise." On the following day, when the Vice-President desired to change his seat, he distributed his weight upon two chairs.

In view of the introduction of gas in a Western town, the local newspaper, as ever on the lookout for the welfare of the people, suggests that on every burner should be hung a placard, "Turn off the gas, or you are a dead galoot."

Six years ago John Skae was a millionaire in San Francisco. One year ago he was a vagabond, and was sent to prison for drunkenness. Now he is arrayed in broadcloth and a tall hat, and is said to be worth a quarter of a million, made in mining speculations.

A police court justice in Salem, Massachusetts, has issued an order excluding reporters from the juvenile term, on the ground that the publication of the young offenders' names would be an obstacle to their reformation. Public sentiment in Salem has undergone a change since the time when it was deemed better to burn than reform.

After the President had vetoed the anti-Chinese bill, some white men in San Francisco started out to hang him in effigy, became disorderly, and were arrested and locked up. At about the same time some Chinamen were assembled in Napa, around a table spread with Chinese dishes, in quiet and orderly celebration of the President's act.

The following ominous "Notis" is posted in a Texas saw-mill: "Doant munky with the buz saw when in moshun."

The hoodlum term for designating a man who has charge of a gang of Chinese laborers in California is "Oriental herder."

Mormon Bill, a resident of Utah, felt so deeply wounded by the President's veto of the anti-Chinese bill, that he loaned his new fourteen-dollar boots to complete the make-up of an effigy of General Arthur. While Bill was at his breakfast, some gamins set fire to the stuffed figure, and barefooted Mormon Bill is now more hostile to the Chinese than ever before.

The London *Spectator* remarks that thirty years hence "English fortunes will appear very paltry compared with American."

In Jumbo's stall, in the Madison Square Garden, a lady and her six-year-old daughter were gazing up at the venerable monster. "Do you remember when you rode on his back in England?" the lady asked the child.

"Yeth," lisped the little girl. "I wonder if he knowth me?"

If there are inhabitants of the sun, it would be re-assuring to them if they could know, when that body is visited by such furious storms as are now raging there, that there are creatures nearly a hundred million miles away looking at the commotion through bits of smoked glass, and calling it "spots."

On his return from Europe Senator Thurman said that he greatly enjoyed his trip, but that he had one serious regret—that he did not see Queen Victoria and Prince Bismarck. A friend inquired why he so deeply regretted not having seen those personages. "Because," said the Senator, "after seeing them I might have been able to say that I met two people in Europe who did not want a sixpence from me."

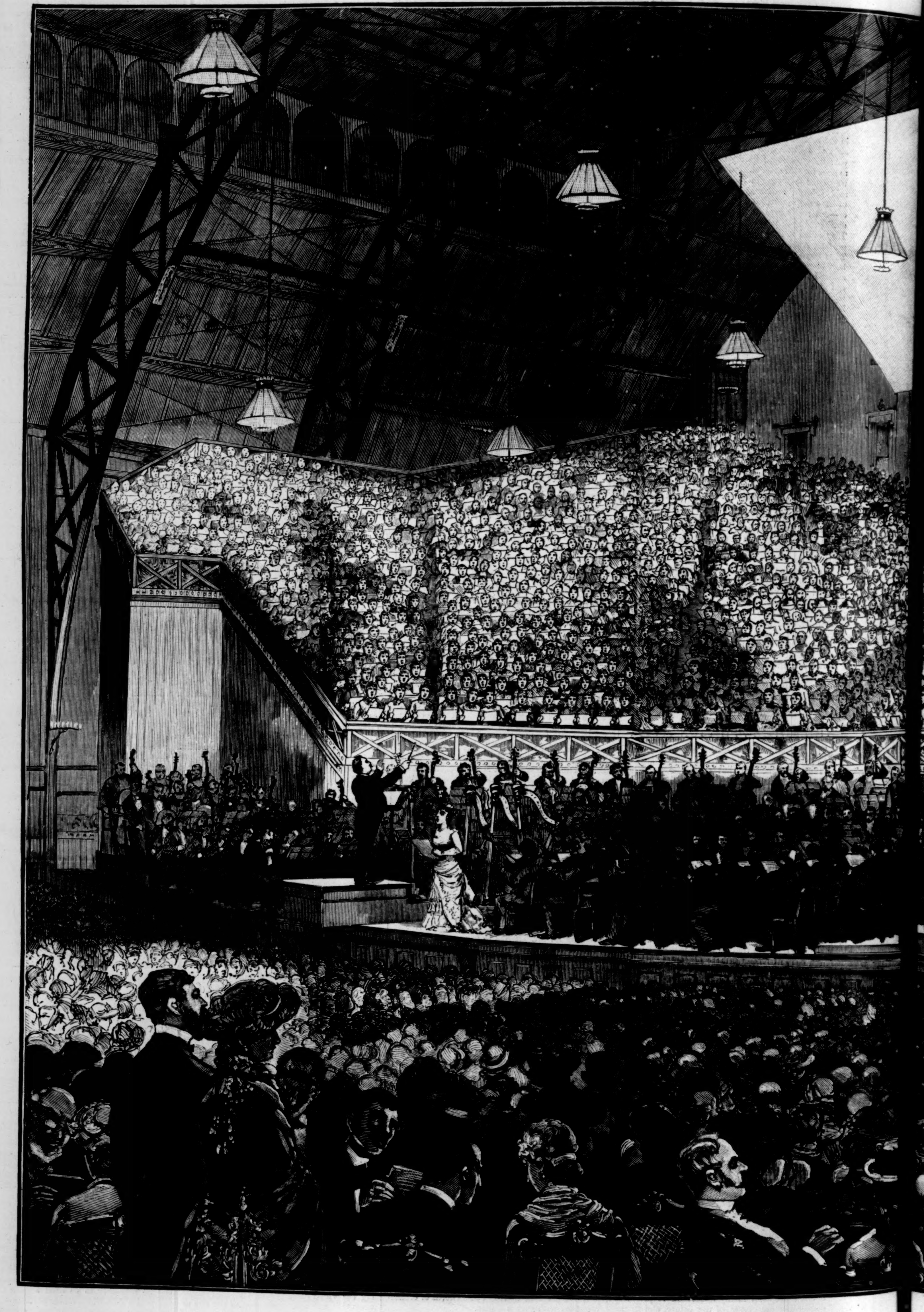
Indiana Society is finding much pleasure in a new game called egg-jumping. An egg is taken in each hand before making the leap, and the contestant who jumps the farthest without breaking the eggs is the winner. It is said to require great self-control to resist the involuntary closing of the hands in a tight grip at the moment of making the jump.

A portrait of Dred Scott, the negro whose name is coupled with the famous Supreme Court decision which sent him back to slavery, has been presented to the Missouri Historical Society by the widow of Theodore Barnum, who purchased Scott's manumission, and it now hangs upon the wall next to the portrait of Thomas H. Benton.

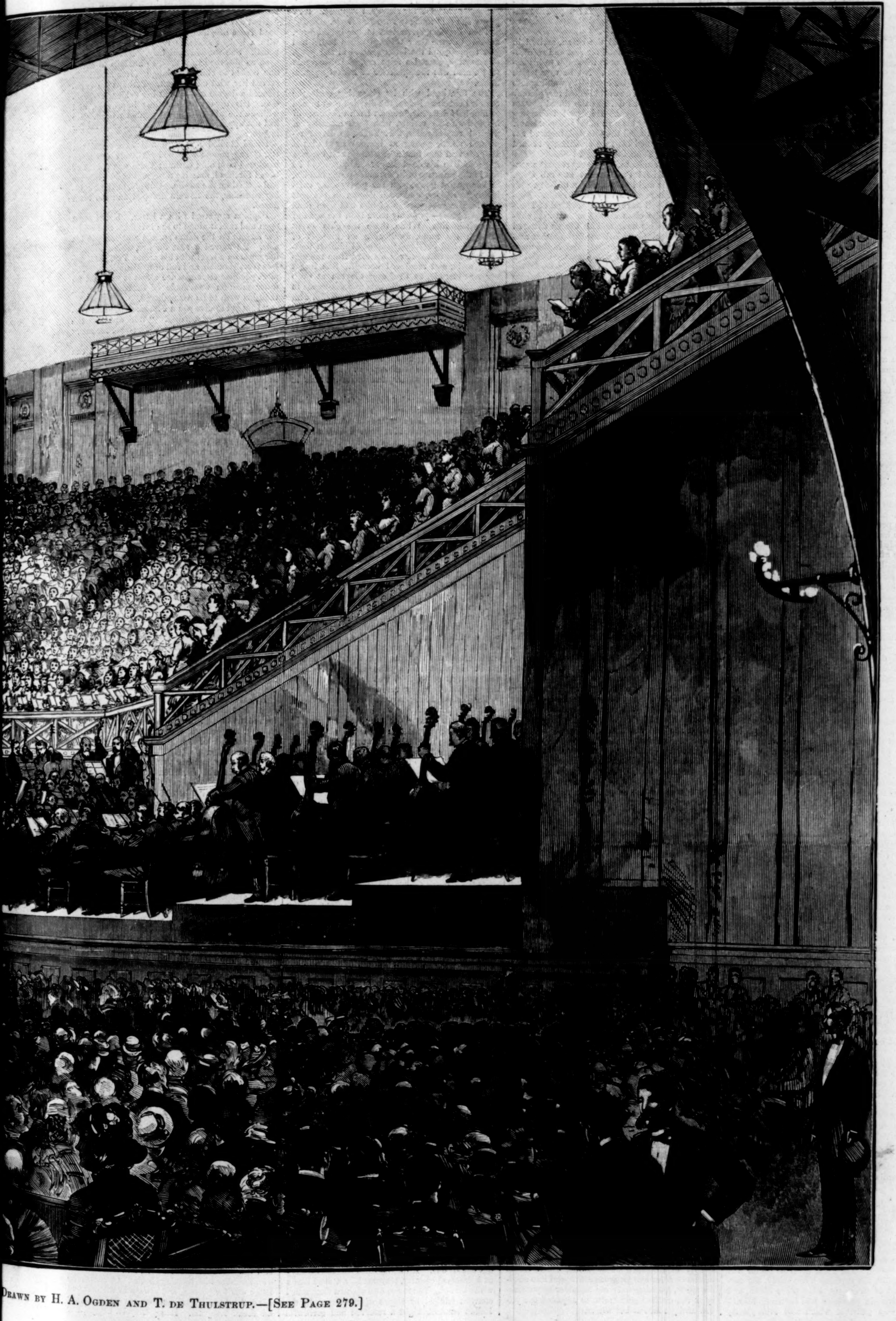
The boast is made by a Kentucky newspaper that the fair daughters of that State don't have to go away from home to marry Bourbon princes.

Massachusetts is a State in which good political precepts are not scattered before the people in vain, as is shown by the following from the Boston *Transcript*: "When reprimanded by his employer for absenting himself from the office for two entire days, Fogg very calmly replied that he believed in the office seeking the man, and not the man seeking the office."

Since the new arrangements for cleaning the city's streets went into effect, dwellers in some of the cross streets, remote from Broadway and the wealthier quarters, have been mystified by the appearance in front of their tenement-houses of queer-looking two-wheeled vehicles, which they at length ascertained to be sweepers. It would be necessary to go back a good many years to find a time when, under partisan control, the old Street-cleaning Bureau made any effort to remove the filth from the streets in which New York's poor live.



THE MUSIC FESTIVAL, SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMOR DRAWI



Drawn by H. A. Ogden and T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 279.]

AN ORANGE FLOWER GROWING ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Where earth is molten with volcanic power,
And Southern suns pour down their glowing light,
There springs the blossom, fair and calm and bright,
That decks a maiden in her bridal hour.
Star-like it shines where tempests wild may lower,
And the red torrent pour with awful might;
Where hail and fire may both combine to blight,
It smiles serene, the pure white bridal flower.
Well chosen is this birth of Southern clime,
Of flaming lava and the sun's fierce kiss,
Of Passion born, but symbolizing bliss
That later comes in Love's own holy time,
Yet sweet and subtle, like the odorous breath
Of orange flowers, and lasting unto death.

M. E. Vandyne.

AN OCEAN TELEGRAM.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

III.

Henry Clayton cast aside his nets, deserted his favorite tide pools, beach, and rocks, suffered his boat to remain unused, while he hovered about the door of Hannah's chamber, in anxious consultation with the physician and landlady, or rushed away to the town to purchase fruits and flowers for the invalid. The doctor and landlady looked at each other significantly. Never was so much sympathy lavished on a sprained ankle. But the naturalist looked beyond the hurt.

"All my own fault," he sighed, with a wrinkle deepening between his eyebrows.

He wrote a note to Hannah, full of the most ample explanations concerning her brother's departure and condition of health, and imploring forgiveness for himself.

"Thank him for his kindness," was her sole reply to the gaunt landlady.

She said no more for two days, while Professor Clayton wandered about the large empty hotel the most miserable of men.

At the expiration of this time Hannah's better nature triumphed. She was moved in a chair to Mrs. Auger's own sitting-room, and her foot placed in another chair, after the manner of the often-pictured old gentleman with gout. Here she received Henry Clayton magnanimously, shook hands with him, and actually smiled. On this occasion he performed the sole act of gallantry of which he had ever been guilty, and kissed the hand extended to him. Frightened by his own temerity, he afterward retreated to the opposite side of a small table.

Hannah placed him at ease by discussing the situation. She should return immediately to Europe and Siena, only her ankle held her prisoner at Crab Cove. In that large and dreary hotel, with open doors revealing little chambers scarcely more commodious than convent cells, where bedsteads leaned against the walls, and chairs stood on their heads, these two were the only guests. All day long the tapping of hammers, sawing of boards, and general accompaniment of scrubbing-brushes announced active preparations for that season which Hannah Beyle had so unexpectedly forestalled. Professor Clayton's efforts to amuse her touched Hannah. There were long mornings after that interview in Mrs. Auger's sitting-room, and long evenings spent in looking over his collection of dried sea-weeds, or in recitals of her experience abroad. These hours were neither tedious nor dull for two persons who discovered a mutual interest in such intimate association. Each appeared to the best advantage to the other. Professor Clayton wholly forgot his constitutional shyness because of that first remorse, while Hannah, by nature patient and cheerful, responded to his endeavors to occupy her hours of imprisonment with ever-increasing pleasure.

July the 1st came, and the Crab Cove Hotel expected an advent of excursionists on the morrow for the Fourth. Hannah Beyle, convalescent, walked about the long parlor. A cold rain was falling on the piazza roof, and made its own music in broken tin spouts. A kerosene lamp burned on the varnished table, which boasted also a bead mat and a dilapidated photograph album. The carpet smelled of its straw padding, the freshly starched muslin curtains hung stiffly before the windows, on the wall was an angular portrait of good President Lincoln, and a highly colored print of the Colosseum; the chairs might have been arranged for a funeral. Mrs. Auger, thin and sour of aspect, with cold gray eyes, sat beside the table.

"Yes, the house will fill up considerable tomorrow," observed Mrs. Auger.

"It must be a great care," said Hannah, abstractedly.

"I've kept boarders for thirty years. They never give *me* trouble," retorted the landlady, those sharp eyes confirming the statement.

Oh no, the boarders gave Mrs. Auger no trouble. If they were not suited, they were promptly told to go elsewhere. Conversation languished, the rain dripped steadily, and all those grim chairs awaited occupants. Then Henry Clayton entered, and Mrs. Auger withdrew. Did the rain cease to fall monotonously as if by magic, and the lamp glow more brightly, shedding its rays over a friendly face?

"I must go to New York in the morning," said Hannah.

"So soon!" exclaimed Professor Clayton.

"My ankle is stronger, and I should take passage back to Europe immediately, you know," she continued, playing with the album leaves.

"Ah, how I shall miss you!" he rejoined, with the involuntary suddenness of utterance which betrays emotion. The great deserted parlor was dim and chill, the curtains hung stiffly, the carpet smelled of straw, the walls were bleak, and yet an invisible presence had entered, beautifying all—a presence which will ever glorify castle and cottage alike, as long as eyes may meet and hands touch, eloquent with an unspoken language. "How I shall miss you!" repeated Henry Clayton.

IV.

Theodore Beyle crossed the ocean, arrived in London, and went to a hotel for rest and refreshment. His first plan was to telegraph to his sister, announcing his arrival. No, he would give her an agreeable surprise instead, by walking into her door at Siena. The world looked very gloomy to Theodore Beyle, as dark as the tinted glasses covering his weary eyes. He dreaded clouding Hannah's spirits by his own moody despondency. In two days he crossed the Channel, lingered not in Paris, but turned his face steadfastly toward the Mont Cenis Tunnel and Italy.

This second student was in every respect a contrast to his friend the botanist at Crab Cove. He was a large and handsome man of forty, with dignified manners and a very sweet smile. Popularity might well have turned the head of Theodore Beyle. His class always adored him, children flocked to his knee, and all women flattered him by those subtle gradations of admiration ranging from the smile of a young girl to the more mature bewitchments of widowhood. Genial in disposition, hospitable, and seemingly easily accessible, there was a boundary beyond which no woman penetrated, a shrine in his heart veiled from every eye. Was he not a woman-hater? It was generally understood by his world that in his youth Theodore Beyle had married a fair girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, and that death had snatched her from him in a few months. The shock and subsequent deep grief then sustained had rendered him what he had now become—a man masked by the invulnerable armor of profound indifference.

Siena basked in fiery summer sunshine. In the glow of noonday the towers of cathedral and palace, the old walls, the loggie, where the flowers drooped, were yellow, red, and white in upper air, while in the cool shadow of massive projecting roof the fountain gushed for the eager, dark-eyed children to slake their thirst, and piles of fruit and vegetables received a baptism of fresh water. The contadina, in her flapping straw hat, still guided her donkey along the crooked street, and the dove-colored oxen came and went with their creaking wagons.

Isabel Gordon lived like a bird in a cage up in her palace. She had few or no acquaintances, and Hannah had warned her not to use her wings very freely. In the artistic partnership Hannah had assumed the rôle of duenna and chaperon in one. Isabel was solitary and dull. She could not work consecutively; she could not read; her thoughts strayed to her absent friend.

On a certain morning she had rambled into Hannah's studio, after throwing down petulantly a lump of clay out of which she had already half fashioned a little sea-nymph rising from a shell, with her light draperies floating behind her. The sea-nymph was clumsy and dumpy in form, Isabel discovered, with sudden disgust, and consigned her again to undistinguishable clay by a blow, like an exploded bubble.

"I shall never be anything!" cried the young artist, with an angry sob—"never! I can not attain my ideal. I am only the butterfly poised on a flower, held by an open hand. Heigho!"

Then she had rambled into Hannah's studio, in a most discontented mood. Here all was unchanged. The windows were closed, owing to the heat, and the brick floor had been sprinkled. The sunshine forced its way through chinks in the shutter, and made bars of dusty gold across the Madonna on the easel, in her rich robes, on the wrought fabrics in the corner, velvet, plush, and satin, and the lay figure forever posing in the Cinque-cento dress.

"How tiresome you are!" exclaimed Isabel, aloud, to the inanimate lady.

The whim occurred to her of disrobing the poor lay figure and investing herself in the fantastic raiment. Isabel laughed gayly for the first time since Hannah's departure, swept up the glittering draperies in her arms, and ran off to her own room.

Theodore Beyle arrived at Siena that morning from Pisa, took up his quarters at the Grand Hotel, and, with a smile of quiet amusement hovering about his mouth, sought the abode of his sister. He made no inquiries, as he was familiar with Siena, and Hannah's present apartment had been her address for the past year. How surprised she would be when the servant informed her that a gentleman desired to see her!

Arriving at the old palace, a maid showed him into a salon, spacious and lofty as a ball-room, and received his card, with some rapid explanation in Italian which he failed to understand. Then she vanished out of a door at the extreme end of the salon, and he heard her voice, echoing as if through several empty rooms, calling: "Signorina! signorina!"

The visitor's curiosity was tempted by an open door on the right. Approaching it, he saw the easel, sketches, and palette of a studio, and entered. He was aware that Hannah was the artist in this feminine kingdom, while her friend was a sculptor. As he crossed one threshold, a dazzling vision flitted over another.

Theodore Beyle paused in astonishment. He beheld a young girl advancing toward him attired in a robe of the Cinque-cento period. Before his eyes there was a shimmer of cloth of gold billowing over the dark tiles in a train like the coils of a serpent, that mingling of richly blended hues, russet, purple, and apricot, wrought by long-disused looms, as the lost coloring of the old masters was fused on their canvas, and still blooms there. Vanity moved forward from obscurity to the bars of sunshine, which smote rainbows from her gorgeous attire, and into shadow again, glancing over her shoulder coquettishly at the cloth-of-gold train, or adjusted the yellow antique lace at her wrists.

"I am here, Beppina," she said in Italian. "What do you wish?"

"Some model of my sister's, I suppose. How pretty she is!" thought Theodore Beyle.

Then Beppina, merriment in her bright eyes, appeared at the door through which Isabel had just tripped, and the latter paused in the patch of sunshine, uttered a faint cry, and discovered that a man was the spectator of her silly pantomime.

The fair head with its clustering curls, the rounded cheek and chin, the startled eyes turned to him half defiantly, brought back the image of his girl-wife so vividly, with such intensity of painful reminiscence, that Theodore Beyle remained silent, gazing at her. Why had not Hannah told him that a creature dwelt beneath her roof like his dead Mary? Ah, how old he felt in the presence of this slender young maiden, in her quaint gown, with the pretty silky curls inviting caresses, and such depths in the soft eyes! The best portion of him had been dead eighteen years—probably more than the span of her whole life. While these thoughts swept through his mind, awakening an interest of which he had previously supposed himself incapable, Isabel had received his card from the giggling maid, and recovered herself. She forgot her masquerade, as Professor Clayton at Crab Cove had forgotten his dip-nets and sea-weeds in a similar emergency, and sprang toward him with frankly outstretched hands.

"You are Hannah's brother," she cried. "Oh, I am so sorry, but she has gone to America. It all results from an ocean telegram, which frightened us out of our wits. I am Isabel Gordon. I have been dressing up for fun, because I was *so* lonely. Is not the stuff superb? It is one of Hannah's extravagancies, and she is reckless in a bric-à-brac shop."

Explanations ensued at Siena, as they had done at Crab Cove, Long Island. Theodore Beyle did not faint, nor had he sprained his ankle; he was made of stronger masculine fibre. He seated himself in the cool salon, and made Isabel sit beside him in the Cinque-cento dress. He watched the delicate rose bloom of excitement deepen in her cheek, and the sparkling animation of glance and gesture, while relating her story, and when she had finished, a portion of the young artist's confidence in Hannah had already been transferred to this grave, handsome brother wearing the tinted glasses.

The Isabel Gordons of this world invariably gain the rose bloom and sparkling animation which render them so charming when observed by masculine eyes.

"I will await Hannah's return here," said Theodore Beyle, quietly.

"Oh, pray do," responded Isabel, warmly.

Then she blushed, and fled away to discard her glorious apparel, leaving behind her something of the glamour of gold, russet, and purple, which still dazzled the senses of a sober student of forty. What witchcraft may not the Cinque-cento dress have wrought when worn for the first time? In what Italian palace may not the spectral portrait of its first wearer hang, fading to the twilight of oblivion through all the centuries?

There ensued long days and evenings at Siena, as at Crab Cove. Never was intercourse between guest and hostess more unrestrained. In the morning Theodore Beyle came to his sister's quarters, watched Isabel at work on her clay, and spent the hot noonday in the shaded salon. Later Isabel read to him, sang to him, surrounded him with flowers, described their mode of life for his amusement, and added to all the charm of her own freshness and gayety. She persisted in deeming him an invalid, sought for him the most tempting fruits, placed the wine-flask and his cigar deftly at his elbow. Such caressing attentions at home would have inspired the woman-hater with alarm; here they were balm to his spirit.

"You quite spoil me," he said, laughingly, as Isabel cooled the refreshing pulp of a pomegranate's heart in ice for his delectation.

"It is so delightful to be able to spoil anybody!" she replied. "Oh, if you could realize my loneliness before you came, without Hannah! I should have liked one of those fussy little dogs, even, for a pet."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Theodore Beyle.

Isabel laughed saucily, flitted out on the balcony, and returned with a freshly culled rose. She looked at her companion pensively through her long eyelashes, even wistfully.

"Would you do me a favor?" she entreated, softly.

"Anything in my power."

"Then let me make a drawing of you before Hannah returns. I dare not attempt to model you."

That evening they drove outside the town wall, rambled about the grounds of a deserted villa, and returned by moonlight. Isabel had grown quiet and subdued, a mood the most sympathetic, and almost before he knew it Theodore Beyle found himself talking of his past and present life, even of his dead wife, as one utters thoughts aloud, and she listened, thrilled with pity and interest. Isabel was a congenial confidante, certainly. Possibly sympathy comes in its most attractive guise when robed in white, with a straw hat, the soft breeze stirring the poppies which sway above one tiny ear, the knot of blue ribbons at the throat, the fleecy shawl. He needed to stoop and search the pure young face, shielded by the hat, for the consolation he craved, to clasp and retain a little hand in the course of the recital, while the sunset faded from rose to beryl tints above the mountains, and the stars came out one by one. All about them was the mystery of a deserted country, traversed by a road like a white thread. The moon rose above a dismantled convent fringed by slopes of vineyard. In the Italian summer night a reserved and sorrowful man found his heart moved to tell his story to a girl almost a stranger as even his own sister Hannah had never wrung it from him.

Next day Isabel began her study of a very fine head from life, and the owner of it urged her, with a lenient smile, to try her clay instead of pencil. She worked zealously. Never had she been so absorbed in a task, so anxious to excel. She ceased to chirp and laugh. Her model observed her with amusement. Perhaps he experienced a degree of pique at her evident abstraction. His eyes were certainly improving, and without the aid of a great oculist as yet. He had not appeared equally bright and cheerful for months.

Isabel studied him with artistic enthusiasm. Oh, if she should succeed! Already the large head was assuming outline; there was a hint of broad forehead, massive nose, and chin. Silence had settled on the studio. Outside, in the blighting sunshine, the flowers drooped and the town dozed.

Beppina appeared with a letter. Isabel must open and read it aloud to the invalid. She wiped her fingers on the damp sponge and came to his side. He moved a seat for her, which brought her curls on a level with his arm. Yes, the letter was from Hannah, and full of explanations. The most peculiar circumstance about it was that no other mention was made of Professor Clayton than his wish to be remembered.

"I intend to give you a commission," said Theodore Beyle, after a pause. "Will you have the hand luring a butterfly done in marble for me?"

"Oh!" gasped Isabel, incredulously.

"It shall be placed in my study, where I can always see it," he added, softly.

"Then you must recall the sculptor away off in Siena."

"Isabel, will you come home with me also?"

Outside, the fiery sunshine poured its radiance on cathedral, palace, and tower; within was the cool twilight of darkened casements, lofty chambers, and stone floor, a shadowy studio with half-formed shapes rising in mute protest from the clay, where two heads bent softly together, and two mouths met in a kiss.

"I fancied I loved Hannah, until you came."

Did Isabel's rosy lips actually frame these impulsive words, or did Theodore Beyle read them in her half-averted eyes?

V.

"Theodore! My dear brother, do I behold you at last?"

"My dearest Hannah, what trouble and anxiety I have occasioned you!"

Brother and sister clasped hands, and searched each other's face for the traces left by months and years of separation.

Isabel Gordon in her sculptor's blouse, with every bow and flower rigidly banished, looked on, radiant yet perplexed. She dared not meet the scrutiny of her candid friend Hannah. What would befall the feminine partnership before the shrine of Art, where they were to burn the incense of their best years, if she confessed that she loved Theodore Beyle? Had she not betrayed her trust?

August had settled over the land like a sultry cloud, and Hannah had returned at last. She looked fresh and bright, despite her long journey, her misfortunes, and having been landed on a deserted pier of Long Island at two o'clock of a June morning.

"Oh, do not tell her yet," implored Isabel, in a tremulous whisper, when left alone with her lover.

"The sooner the better, dear," he responded, smoothing her curls. "What could Hannah anticipate? If I once beheld the butterfly, I must coax it to my hand, in reason."

Isabel laughed.

"Hannah always said it was a masculine hand, and it must have been your own."

In the mean while Hannah had sought her room, where she took a letter from her pocket, and read it for the fourth time that day—a very grave symptom. The letter was written in a crabbed, almost illegible hand, but the contents seemed to afford her a certain musing happiness, not wholly unmingled with trouble. If sentiment came rather late to her, it was none the less precious on that account. Now she had returned to Siena, and found her brother improved in health. All was most satisfactory, and yet— What next? She dared not meet the merry and tender eyes of Isabel, in which she fancied lurked a certain mockery. Did Isabel suspect anything? How false she was proving to that partnership entered on a year since with such firm resolution! What would become of Isabel if she married Henry Clayton? Had she the right to desert her standard?

The first explanations over, she listened to those of her brother and friend with ever-increasing abstraction of thought, while striving to appear attentive. She evaded the usual confidential chat with Isabel before going to bed, with a cowardly desire to postpone telling the whole truth. She blushed to think of Isabel's astonishment if she stated: "I wish to give up this studio and Bohemian mode of life, and return to America, for the purpose of marrying a middle-aged gentleman dwelling in a country town." Strange to relate, Isabel did not intrude on her, and yet watched her movements with a wistful smile. Already Hannah experienced the pangs of conscience.

Theodore Beyle was cheerful, almost gay, and protested that he found Siena the most delightful old town, of quite inexhaustible interest. The crisis came swiftly. It happened one day that Hannah saw the postman from the window, waylaid the servant on the stairs, and fled into her own chamber with burning cheeks. Of course the letter was for herself, and always in the crabbed hand she had long since forgiven for dictating an ocean telegram. Henry Clayton begged her to permit his communicating with her brother, while further urging a frank response to the inquiry if she consented to return to America at the expiration of Theodore's vacation. They could marry before winter.

"I must consult Theodore," reflected Hannah.

Theodore and Isabel stood in the salon window, conversing together in low tones. Their attitude was sufficiently confidential to have attracted the notice of a less absorbed observer than Hannah.

"My dear Hannah, it is fully time you knew all," said Theodore, turning toward her.

"What! Has he written you about our engagement, when I forbade him?" said Hannah, quickly.

Theodore recoiled a step, and looked at Isabel in comical dismay. Isabel, with a tear trembling on her eyelashes, murmured: "I will not desert Art and the studio if you wish me to remain, Hannah. I have told him so."

Hannah glanced from one to the other in bewilderment. "It makes no difference. I had best speak. Professor Clayton has asked me to marry him. Oh, Isabel, could you forgive me if I gave up the studio?"

"Yes, indeed, dear, for I wish to give it up also," cried Isabel.

The two friends embraced tenderly, both suffused with blushes and confusion.

Theodore Beyle threw himself into an armchair, and laughed one of those full, mellow laughs which sweep away misunderstanding and tears. "It is like a play," he said, with a fresh peal of merriment. "Hannah and I cross each other on the ocean by mistake; she finds on the other side the best man in the world, whom she would never have otherwise seen, probably, while I discover here the sweetest girl ever created."

"What fools we have been, dear, to imagine that a paint-box and a lump of clay could ever replace true happiness!" said Isabel.

"I do not admit that," demurred Hannah.

Then Isabel darted away to her sanctum. A moment's silence was succeeded by the shiver of plaster. They found her with the bust of Theodore lying in fragments on the floor. The butterfly on the hand had been delicately wrought in marble, and placed in the salon.

"Wicked child!" exclaimed Hannah.

"I am only a dunce," retorted Isabel, compressing her red lips defiantly. "The bust is a wretched thing, and wholly unworthy of *him*. There! I have burned my ships."

Theodore Beyle smiled, and looked at the ardent young face tenderly.

Who may say that the world is not linked together by an ocean telegraph?

THE END.

FADED BLUEBELLS.

OH, how easily opens the Book
On these faded flowers, so thin and brown!
Wae's me! for the bonnie little hand
That clasped my hand, as out of the town
And into the fields we went that day,
That last sweet day in the flowery May.

Happy were we in the unmown grass,
Pulling the bluebells here and there;
Never before had he seemed so gay—
Oh, never before so sweet and fair!
And the hours flew by, till, like a spell,
A sudden shadow of sorrow fell.

One minute all seemed so bright and glad;
The next, I knew it was cold and chill.
The child had felt it as well as I,
And grown as suddenly sad and still.
"What is it?" I said, in strange alarm,
And lifted the boy in my strong right arm.

In my strong right arm, close to my breast,
I carried him home—oh, sad, sad way!—
The pale mists rising above the fields,
The sun going down in sombre gray.
"Take care of my flowers," he faintly said,
And then on my shoulder laid his head.

Twenty years he has been in heaven;
But he's my boy yet—he's my boy yet.
I have kept his tasselled cap and shoes,
And the pretty stockings his mother knit;
His little checked frock, his chair, his ball,
His broken toys—I have kept them all.

But oh, these bluebells are dearer far!
Withered and frail and sad they look;
But for twenty years they've lain beside
The sweetest promise in all the Book.
See, when I go to *my* last long rest,
That you lay these bluebells on my breast.

MARY A. BARR.

DOGS IN CHURCH.

IT may not be known to many of our readers that for more than three centuries the duties of awakening sleeping members of congregations and of driving out intruding dogs from churches were discharged by regularly appointed and salaried officials in various parts of England, and to a more limited extent in this country. These duties, moreover, were often performed by a single individual.

The earliest mention of dog-whipping in connection with religious services which we have noted, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, is in 1550, in which year the church-wardens' books at Louth contain an entry of the payment of twopence "to the bellman for beating the dogges out of the church." The same set of books contain similar entries. In 1705, one shilling was paid for the discharge of this duty. The next note respecting dog-whippers states that in the year 1597 the sum of "0 : 0 : 9*d*." was "paid to old Verde for whipping of dogs" in the parish church of Worksop. In 1616, the accounts of the church-wardens of the same church state that "for whipping dogges out of the church one whole year" the sum of twelvepence was paid.

At Youlgrave the church authorities appear to have been more liberal than their Nottinghamshire friends in the payment of their dog-whipper, as the accounts show that one shilling and fourpence was the annual salary received in 1609 by "Robt. Walton for whipping the dogges forth of the church in tyme of divyne service." Eight years later (1617), the authorities of the same church rewarded Robert Benbowe for his services in the same direction by the payment of two shillings. Whether the Youlgrave dog-whippers had any distinguishing badge of office at this time we are unable to state; but the accounts for a century later (1715) show that a "coat and furniture" were provided for that officer, at a cost of eleven shillings and sixpence.

The church-wardens of Wakefield were even more liberal than those of Youlgrave; for we gather that in 1616 there was "paid to Gorby Storker for whipping doggs" the sum of half a crown. Eight years later (1624), the dog-whipper received only two shillings for his services; and in 1625 and 1628, only the same salary as was paid at Youlgrave in 1609 was granted at Wakefield—one shilling and fourpence. It is evident that other duties besides those of driving dogs out of church were imposed on the so-called "dog-whipper," for the books for 1664 state that the quarter's wages of that official amounted to four shillings. It would appear that the practice of partly clothing the "dog-whipper" originated about the commencement of the eighteenth century; for, as we have already stated, the Youlgrave official was, in 1715, provided with a coat, and in 1703 the dog-whipper and sexton at Wakefield were provided with "hatts, shoes, and hoses," at a cost of eighteen shillings and sixpence. These personages were officially clothed down to the year 1820.

The duty of dog-whipping was not confined to the sterner sex, for the church-wardens' accounts at Barnsley show that "Richard Hodgson's wife" received two shillings for discharging that duty in 1647.

An entry in the church-wardens' book of the Bolton parish church records that in 1654 there was "paid to sexton for whipping the dogs, 6*s*. 8*d*."—a much larger sum than was awarded to the official at Forest Hill, near Oxford, named Thomas Mills, who received only one shilling for his dog-whipping duties in 1694. In 1659, Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, bequeathed a sum which produced eight shillings a year to be paid to a poor man for acting as sluggard-waker and dog-whipper at the church of Claverley, in Shropshire. There are similar provisions for the exclusion of dogs from and preserving order in church in the parishes of Chislet in Kent, and Peterchurch in Herefordshire. At the former place ten shillings is paid annually for about two acres of land, which is known as "Dog-whipper's Marsh." Eight shillings was the salary paid at East Whitton, Yorkshire, for the dog-whipper.

From the register of Kirkby-Wharfe, Grimston, near Tadcaster, we gather that three shillings was the amount which the church-wardens paid as the annual salary of the dog-whipper in 1705 and in 1706; whilst in 1711 there was paid to Thomas Pawson for awakening those who sleep in church *and* for whipping dogs out of it "0 : 4 : 0." One of the parish books of Croft, in Lincolnshire, records that seven shilling and sixpence was paid "for dogs wipping" in 1718. We find from the Castleton parish records that the salary of the sluggard-waker in 1722 was ten shillings. John Rudge, on the 17th April, 1725, bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, Staffordshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during sermon and keep the people awake; also to keep dogs out of church. For his wages the dog-whipper at South Wingfield church received one shilling and eightpence in 1728, whilst for "whipping dogs" at Burnley during the same year four shillings was paid. "For waking sleepers" at Barton-on-Humber one "Brocklebank" received two shillings in 1740. The parishioners of Prestwich agreed "that thirteen shillings a year be given to George Grimshaw, of Rooden Lane, for the time being, and a new coat, not exceeding twenty shillings, every other year, for his pains in wakening sleepers in the church, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet and orderly, and keeping the pulpit and church walls clean."

In the church-wardens' accounts of Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derbyshire, is the following resolution, under date July 1, 1754: "Samuel Lygoe shall have five shillings a year for the whiping of the dogs out of the church on all Sundays and other days on which their is divine service, also he is to prevent any one sleeping in the church by wakeing them with a white wand." At Hayfield, in Derbyshire, the dog-whipper received seven shillings in 1783. While at Kirton-in-Lindsey, the sum of six shillings and eightpence was set apart as the salary for the dog-whipper in 1817.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE "JEANNETTE."

IN a darkened room in a hospitable Russian home at Irkootsk Lieutenant DANENHOWER recounted to a *Herald* reporter the fascinating story of the *Jeannette*. Two months later, to a day, so much of the story as relates to the first year out from San Francisco was published. The lieutenant was an eye-witness of the events described in this installment of the narrative, but about the time to which it brings us he was attacked by disease of the left eye, from which he has suffered confinement ever since, though his acute and retentive memory and his remarkably clear mind enable him to still give, the reporter says, a most valuable and complete account of what passed about him, and which was faithfully reported to him. The *Jeannette*, "thoroughly put in order" and "perfectly sea-worthy," left San Francisco on the 8th of July, 1879, with officers and crew numbering thirty-three men. At Oonalaska two American Indians were taken on. On the 28th of August the steamer passed through Behring Strait. On the 31st she was headed northwest toward the southeast cape of Wrangell Land, the lieutenant feeling that then their "arctic cruise had actually commenced." The steamer worked her way painfully but steadily through much floating ice. On the 6th of September "Herald Island loomed up in the clouds," and judging that he had reached the "lead" between the Siberian and North American "packs," the captain took charge from the "crow's-nest," and the ship entered the pack, ramming its way through the young ice, that shook the ship badly but did not damage her. But by 4 P.M. on that day she could go no further. Fires were banked; ice-anchors were put out; the ship was frozen in to the north and east of Herald Island, twenty-one miles distant. On the 15th an attempt was made to reach the island across the ice by sledges, but, within six miles of the beach, open water was found. The ship was drifting with the ice, and the "captain would not send other persons to the island with boats."

Preparations were now made for a long stay. The ship heeled to the starboard, and had to be stayed with mast-head tackles hooked to heavy ice-anchors. The ice drifted, though slowly, having a "cycloidal motion with the wind, and the resultant was in a northwest direction." "Our position," says Lieutenant DANENHOWER, "was not an enviable one. At any moment the vessel was liable to be crushed like an egg-shell among this enormous mass of ice, the general thickness of which was from five to six feet, though some was over twenty, where the floe pieces had overrun and cemented together, and turned topsy-turvy. Pressures were constantly felt. We heard distant thundering of the heavy masses, which threw up high ridges of young ice that looked like immense pieces of crushed sugar."

On the 23d of November the ice split, leaving the vessel lying in a "half-cradle," the corresponding impress of its side floating away some thousand yards. A curious demonstration of the general and common motion of the ice was afforded by the fact that an out-house left on the ice was found, sixteen months later, only three miles distant from the ship to the southeast. The vessel drifted some eleven hours, and then was again frozen in. The long night had begun on the 10th of November, and was to last unbroken until the 25th of January. Life, in spite of the presence of great danger, was "quiet," and even "monotonous." The discipline of the ship's company was admirable, and "for the twenty-one months in the pack but one punishment was given, and that for profanity." Fires for heating and cooking were kept up only from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., to save coal, only one hundred and forty pounds a day being allowed for all purposes. Breakfast was at 9 A.M., from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. hunting and exercise on the ice, dinner at 3 P.M., and about 7 tea. The food consisted of canned goods, with bear and seal meat twice a week, pork and beans and salt beef once a week, and "no rum or spirits except on festive occasions two or three times a year." The men's health was excellent, and their carriage and spirits were unfaltering. In January, 1880, the vessel sprang a bad leak in the bows. With the temperature 42° below zero (the freezing-point of mercury) the men were ordered to the pumps, "working with their feet and legs in ice-water, and everything frozen and freezing solid." The ship was pumped, by hand, by steam, and by a windmill pump, for eighteen months—a fight for the frail hold the crew had on even a chance of life.

About the middle of February it was found that the vessel was within fifty miles from where she had entered, though in the five months that had elapsed since that event she had "drifted over an immense area, approaching and receding from the 180th meridian," but not crossing it. During May she "took up a rapid and uniform drift to the northwest," but returned over the same course during June. Although the coldest weather was in February—58° below zero—yet July and August were more trying, being "misty and raw," with "a damp and fog and cold that struck a chill to the bones." The snow disappeared about the middle of June, and "thaw-water" appeared on the surface of the floe; but the *Jeannette* remained "imbedded in the ice so firmly that a whole cargo of explosives would have been useless" to release her. The many cracks near the ship never led in any definite direction. Game was scarce. There were a good many seals, but "the meat was not pleasant to the taste, and it required the strongest philosophy to enable one to eat it at all." The seal most frequently found was the "floe-rat," of which species the fossil remains are found in the hills of Scotland. Bear-hunts were the most exciting pastime, though they did not yield more than fifteen animals the first year.

The narrative of Lieutenant DANENHOWER contains many scientific data, of which only brief mention can be made here. The conclusion was reached that the "general motion of the ice was due principally to the wind, and that the resultant of the winds was from the southeast." There was much talk among the officers and observers "about the polar region being covered with an immense 'ice cap,' which seemed to have a slow general movement in the direction of the hands of a watch, the direction of the drift being, of course, different in the different segments." There was little evidence of a current. The water, when soundings could be made, was from seventeen fathoms to sixty, the average being thirty, and the ocean bottom, usually uniform, covered with blue mud and shale.

Lieutenant DANENHOWER arrived at Orenburg on the 25th of April, and set out to St. Petersburg the next day.

The picture on our front page, showing the position of the *Jeannette* on the 29th of January, 1880, is engraved from a careful sketch made by Dr. RAYMOND L. NEWCOMB, the naturalist of the expedition, which was placed at our disposal by the courtesy of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT. It represents one of the ice-jam hummocks described above, and affords a vivid idea of the perils to which the intrepid navigators of the arctic seas are constantly exposed. Sketching in that region must be the very reverse of pleasant, but Dr. NEWCOMB'S drawing is firm and carefully finished.

THE SCHOOL AND LABOR.

THE school has been the chief instrument in raising the working classes from abject slavery and endless woes. It is knowledge that has made labor honorable. In the classic age popular education was unknown, and the great mass of men lived in slavery, weighed down by caste and tyranny. There were no common schools for the people at Rome; there was no free education in Greece. Knowledge was confined to the ruling caste, and civilization perished for want of it. Europe of the Middle Ages sank into a deeper barbarism. The warrior preyed at will upon the people. No man was honorable who did not wield the sword. It is impossible to conceive of the intense disdain with which these men in armor looked down upon all the laboring throng. Merchants were serfs, as in Russia a few years ago. They were bought or given away. The farmer was usually a slave. The various trades and arts that now build cities and found nations were contemned. The scholar was sometimes honored and rewarded, but often bound to the stake; the churchman was more secure. A fierce, ignorant, unsparing aristocracy sat like a nightmare upon Europe.

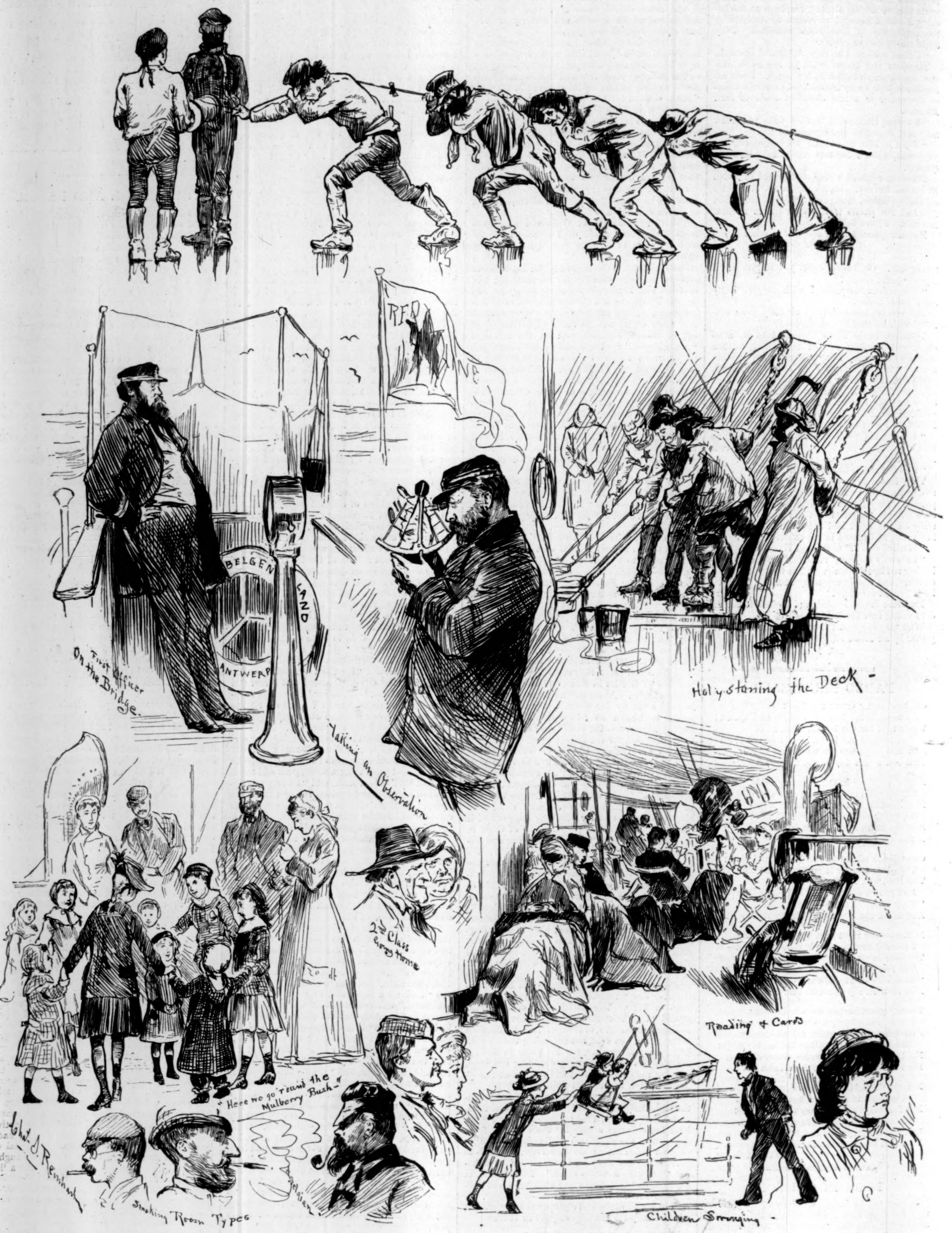
Luther, among the first, proclaimed freedom of education. "Let there be light," was said anew, and the marvellous effect was felt in the lowest depths of the people. For three centuries the onward course of free education has been firm if slow. It spread over Germany and Scandinavia, Holland and Scotland, Massachussetts Bay and the Connecticut Plantations. It produced the champions of equal rights in literature, and the progress of humanity in Church and State. It brought fierce wars and popular struggles, the English revolutions, the American and the French. There can be no doubt that to the working class the free school has been the source of endless progress. A century of steady advance has made the laboring-man the ruler instead of the slave. It was on knowledge that Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin founded their republic, and for its support they invoked the universal education of the people.

Our common-school system has sprung up majestic and imperishable, an answer to their invocation. It is the friend of labor; it teaches that all must work who live. But it is still imperfect in its operations, and requires the constant aid of its supporters. It is threatened by foreign influences, and it suffers often from indolence and neglect. In portions of our country there is scarcely any education. In our great cities there are thousands of illiterates, and of children who can find no room in the schools. We must be careful lest we lose our high rank among educated nations, and are outstripped by France and England. A few years ago they were far behind us. Now they have introduced improved systems of education, and are advancing rapidly on the path of general knowledge.

If we compare our educational condition with theirs, the result is far from satisfactory. France has provided itself with a careful and thorough system of public instruction that reaches to every class in the community. No sooner was the Republic established in 1871 than it began to provide for the moral and mental improvement of its people. It has been singularly successful. There were in France, the report of 1877 tells us, 4,716,935 children between six and thirteen enrolled in the public schools; 624,000 did not apparently attend any school, but even of these many received, it was supposed, a partial education. Since then the system has been enlarged and made still more effective. It is compulsory, and it is hoped will enforce education upon all the children of France. It teaches the arts, industry, the elements of knowledge, and the means of self-support. In England a still more remarkable progress has been made. Ten years ago it was worse educated than our least fortunate States. But the new school laws and the active efforts of all classes of society have already made its public schools one of the most beneficial of its institutions. Here, too, trades are taught, sewing, knitting, and the means of earning a living. Crime and pauperism, it is said, diminish with the growth of knowledge. Even London is throwing off the fearful ignorance and degradation that have weighed down so long a large part of its people.

By the census of 1880 we are told that our own educational system is far from being complete. It is, in fact, dangerous and alarming in its defects. Nearly five millions of our people over ten years of age (4,923,451) are unable to read, more than six millions (6,239,958) to write. About three millions of persons of the school age have no schools prepared for them, no hope of advance. The great mass of ignorance hangs over us, the cloud of danger increases. It is our working classes who suffer from this deprivation, it is our laboring classes who are most interested in this question of the public schools. Let us in the midst of our new prosperity devise some means for perfecting our system of education, and prepare that mental equality on which freedom can alone rest securely.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.



INCIDENTS OF A VOYAGE ON THE "BELGENLAND."—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

NEPTUNE IN GOOD-HUMOR.

THE artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for these graphic sketches of life on the ocean wave some time ago made a voyage from New York to Antwerp in the *Belgenland*, of the Red Star Line of steamers. "The passage," he writes, "was an exceptional one. The terrors of the deep did not make themselves known to us. The whole voyage was a continuous round of pleasure. Life on board was like the lazy, calm, and quiet life of a pleasant sea-side resort. There were about fifty passengers in the first cabin, including children, and they were all congenial. The children took possession of the steamer, and romped and sported all over the decks, the bridge, and the main saloon. This was really the striking feature of the trip, to see little children at their games, as much at home on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and as unconscious of any danger, as they would have been under the parental roof.

"Never was old Neptune more loving and tender. There was no motion of the ship save the graceful pitch as she followed the swell of the sea, and not a single roll from New York to Antwerp. The only sounds were the laughter of the little ones and the music coming from the saloon, always accompanied by the splash at the bow as she settled into the swell."

The Red Star Line forms the only regular passenger and mail communication between the United States and the prosperous little kingdom of Belgium, and is thus a very important link in the great commercial chain uniting us with the Old World. To the enterprise of a few Pennsylvania capitalists, aided by the leading mercantile house of Antwerp, is due the establishment and maintenance of this important line.

The line was chartered by the State of Pennsylvania in 1871 (under the title of the International Navigation Company), and the first steamer, appropriately named the *Vaderland*, came out in 1873, and through varying fortunes and many discouragements has steadily grown, until now its fleet numbers seven steam-ships, forming a weekly service between New York and Antwerp, and a tri-weekly service between Philadelphia and the same port. This will shortly be strengthened by the addition of two large steel steamers of the highest class, now in course of construction at the celebrated yards of the LAIRDS, at Liverpool.

The *Belgenland* and *Rhynland*—the last two additions to the present fleet—have already become favorites with the travelling public. Their admirable arrangements, with state-rooms all amidships, with saloons on deck, and also amidships, make them very comfortable.

The wisdom of the Red Star Line in selecting Antwerp as a European terminus has been confirmed by the large passenger business secured. Its steamers have carried, during the past twelve months, 34,583 passengers, of whom 2688 were cabin passengers. Antwerp is peculiarly well situated. It has been well called the "Gateway of the Continent"; and besides its proximity to the many Meccas of the American tourist, it has historical and artistic features of its own which demand and repay inspection. The Belgian government, recognizing the great value of a well organized and equipped steam-ship service, such as that of the Red Star Line, to its trade and industries, secured it for that port by offering it a liberal subsidy for carrying the Belgian and United States mails, and certain valuable privileges and immunities.

AMBER-MINING IN PRUSSIA.

It was not altogether business, nor was it wholly the pursuit of pleasure, that led us to visit the amber-producing country on the Prussian shore of the Baltic. Could we, however, have foreseen the cordial reception that we met with, and the interest of the subject, far surpassing our expectations, no other inducements would have been necessary to turn us from our mapped-out route northward toward the Prussian sea-board.

Our host did not meet us at Königsberg as we had expected, but his son did, and we were well satisfied with him as a substitute. He was a pleasant, fine-looking young fellow, and enthusiastic about his business. The office—for at Königsberg our host had his principal warehouse—was a perfect museum of amber curiosities. The walls were lined with glass-fronted cases containing specimens, each one remarkable for size, purity, or the presence of some insect tenant—"entomo-*lodger*," as the weaker-minded one of our twain had the temerity to say.

But we did not linger long in Königsberg. Next morning, in company with Herr J——, we took train for Fischausen, where a carriage was in waiting to convey us to our destination. The route was uninteresting, but we did not regret it when the contrasted beauties of P—— were revealed to us. Our host's summer villa stood in a beautiful park in a country where a large expenditure of money, controlled by good taste, had made a paradise where nature had left a blank.

Our reception by the Herr Commercienrath, as he was called by all his *Kinder*, and his amiable wife, was more than cordial, and as we sat on the broad veranda overlooking the bay, which our host, with just pride, fondly called his Bay of Naples, we felt that our lines had indeed fallen where we would have wished them.

Amber is unique in one respect, namely, that the finding of it involves two operations otherwise peculiar to mining and pearl-fishing. At various distances from the shore were anchored as many as twenty good-sized boats, and these, we learned, were engaged in fishing for amber. The Commercienrath's signal quickly brought a dingey to shore, and we were carried out to one of the boats. Only one diver was fishing from this boat, but the task of supplying him with air kept two men busy at the air-pump. A signal from the overseer brought the amphibious one to the surface, with his little bag of amber; but as he had had little luck, he soon returned to the depths. Rowing to another boat, we signaled for a diver, but he gave us to understand that he had "staked" a good "claim," and was not to be induced to abandon it until he had worked it for all it was worth. We respected his diligence, and rowed on to another boat. Here the diver had, we were surprised to hear, been under water for six hours, and was not unwilling to come to the surface. His find was not very valuable, for though he had three pounds of amber, it ran small. Amber, we learned, increases in value according to the size and fineness of the piece, in a similar proportion to the relative size and value of precious stones.

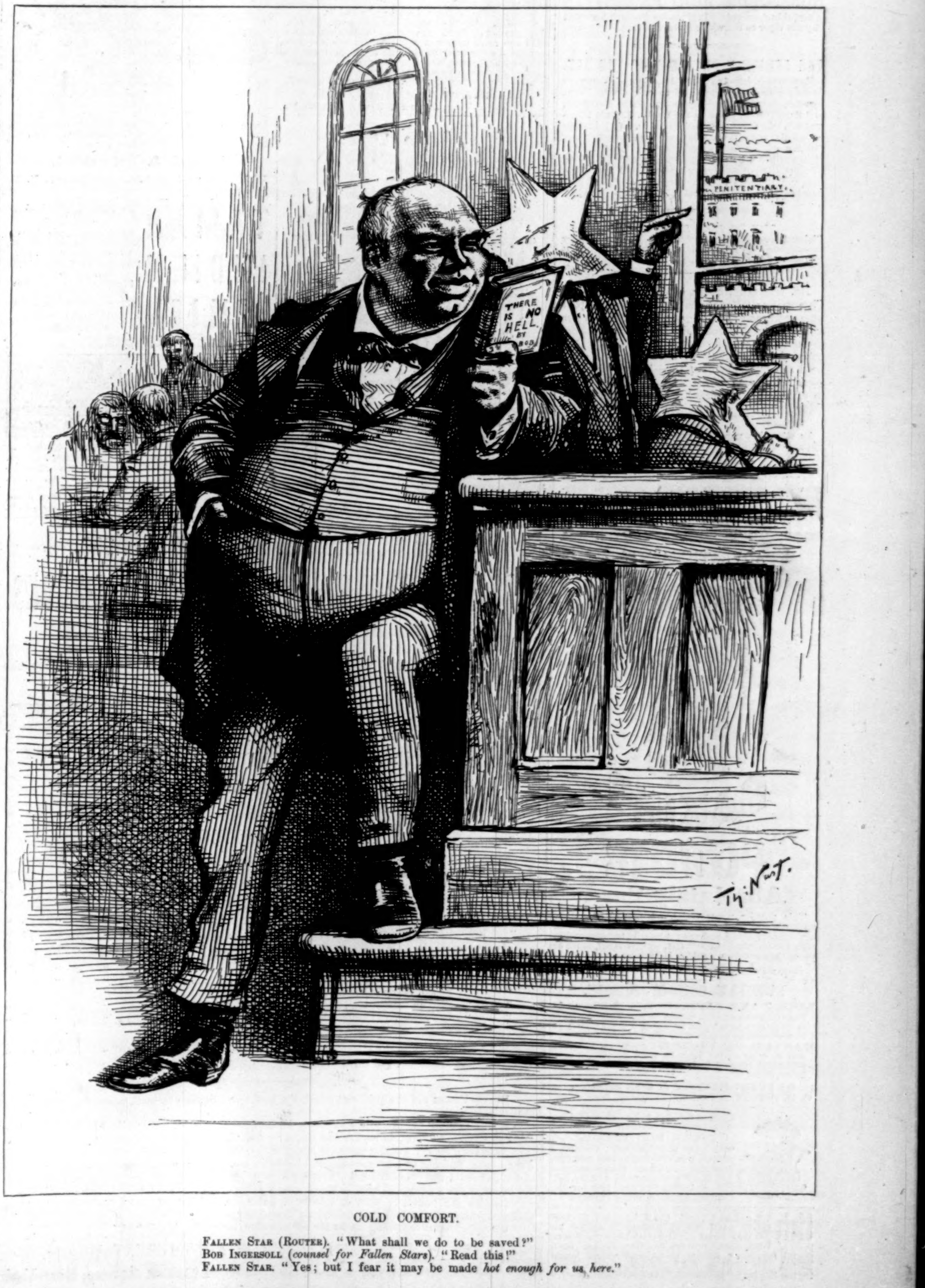
In this novel industry we were repeatedly meeting with surprises. No sooner did a boat's crew come ashore than the men were marched up to a table and made to undergo an operation that would be humiliating were they not used to it. Every man was searched, literally from the crown of his hat to the soles of his shoes. Relentlessly, and with well-accustomed fingers, the four searchers, taking each a man, examined his clothing throughout. Then they felt his head, his armpits, and every part of his body; the privacy of his lunch basket was invaded, and he was asked a question (generally his name), to betray any small piece of amber that might be secreted under his tongue or behind his molars. It is sad that human cupidity makes this precaution necessary, but so it is, and in spite of it pieces of amber are frequently stolen.

It was not until the next day that we were allowed to explore the mines, and in the mean time we were introduced to a functionary whose presence reminded us that amber-getting in Prussia is on a somewhat similar footing to the distilling of whiskey in our own country, and that government monopoly is not wholly obsolete. This officer was the government inspector, whose business is an easy and not particularly invidious one. Instead of taking an account of all the amber found, he simply keeps a reckoning of the days on which no work is done. Every day that the divers and miners work, the government receives a tribute of 300 marks. If a day is lost, government gets nothing.

On the morrow we were taken to the mines. The descent was not so easy as the proverbial approach to Avernus, for it involved the use of ladders to a depth of 150 feet down a pit or shaft only about three feet wide. But we were now dressed in miners' costumes, with thick high boots, and provided with lanterns, and we approached the mine without dismay. Arrived at the bottom, we took advantage of a friendly wagon, and were pushed a distance of several hundred feet. The corridors were shored up, as in coal mines, by wooden pillars, some of which, owing to the immense weight upon them, had a dangerously oppressed look that suggested the possibility of their relieving their feelings by giving way under them. We observed this, however, without apprehension, and having reached the workings, with pick and shovel we made our first assault upon the blue earth that carries the treasure. Our labor was not in vain, for we were lucky enough to find a "premium piece," worth about fifty marks; and well content with our work, we traversed other corridors, and finally quitted the mine by a different shaft from that by which we entered it. Here we found an elevator, and were not sorry to be saved the return trip by ladder.

About the mouth of this the principal shaft were the sheds in which were carried on the operations necessary to bring the amber to a marketable condition. The amber-bearing earth is brought to the surface in wagons, and is then submitted to a washing process. The contents of the wagons are dumped into a large inclined trough, through which a powerful stream of water is impelled. At distances of about ten feet nets are placed, the meshes of which decrease in size, so that at last the very smallest pieces are caught, while the earth, thoroughly disintegrated, escapes. The amount of amber obtained from a ton of earth seems so small that one's respect for it is considerably increased by watching the process.

Nor is this all that is done before the substance is ready for shipping to the warehouse. Much of the amber that is found is partially coated with a thick crust. This kind is known as "erdbernstein" (earth amber); when reduced either by nature or art—and it is considerably reduced by the process—to its simple condition, it is called "fliesen." Nature has been at work for generations reducing erd-stein to fliesen by the slow process of washing it about in the sand of the sea until the crust is worn off. The Herr Commercienrath, with all due respect and gratitude to Nature, who has kindly prepared so much fliesen for him, takes the liberty of hastening the process by the use of a drum, or barrel, which revolves by steam in one direction, while a series of brushes inside it revolves with equal rapidity in the contrary direction. Into this the erd-stein is thrown, and the same result is effected in a few hours as would be accomplished by natural causes only in years, or perhaps generations. The amber thus treated is then put into barrels and taken to the sorting and chopping room, where it is classified according to size and purity. If the sorter comes upon a piece that is poor or dirty at either end, the waste is chopped off and thrown aside. Pieces that are cracked they break apart, and any that they know is "spröde" (brittle) they throw aside to be sold as "brock-stein" (scrap amber). In the warehouse are bins containing amber of all sorts and sizes, from the very small pieces, only suited for making into little beads, up to the large pieces out of which the mouth-pieces of Oriental pipes are made. It is in the East, indeed, that the amber-producer finds his best market. Our consumption and that of Europe is mainly for the mouth-pieces of pipes, and those principally of meerschaum pipes, horn being a powerful competitor in the case of wooden pipes, owing to the difference in value of the materials, and the necessity of using a long mouth-piece on a short pipe to give the whole a proportionate appearance.



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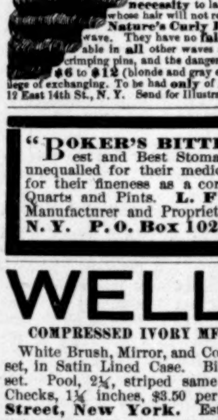

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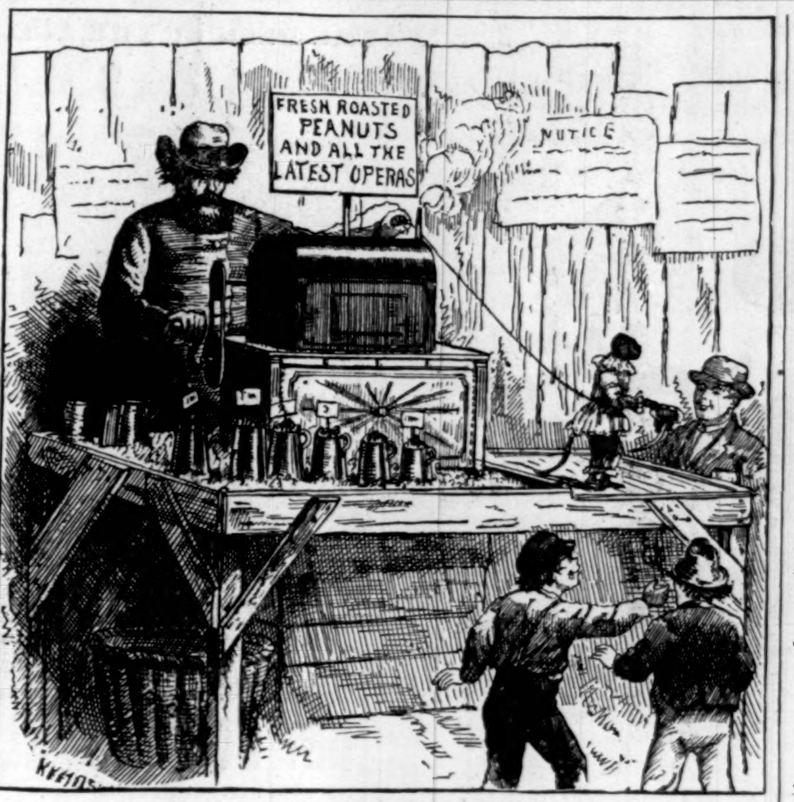
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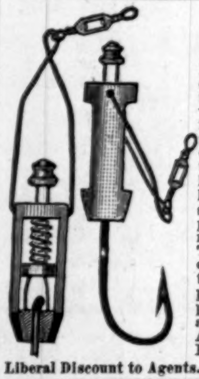

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